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POTTERY AND PORCELAIN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We give this week specimens of the most elegant pottery and porcelain display from the great Exhibition. They are from the manufactory of Mr. Copeland, of Stoke-upon Trent.

Observers speak of the porcelain as rivalling the famous productions of *Sévres* and of *Dresden*.

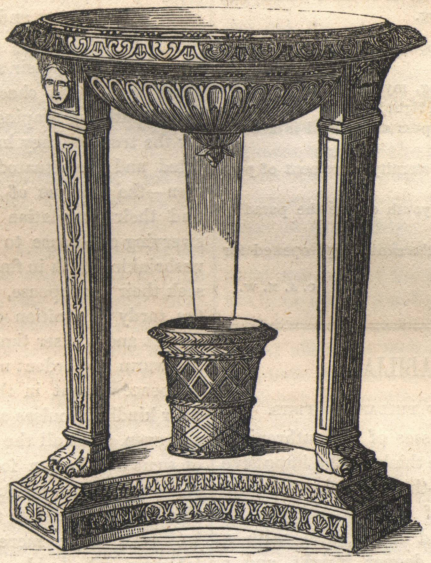
This branch of art is rapidly extending; and even in the ruder earthen ware, objects

of art are now fashioned fitted to adorn the most costly residences.

The brief mention which is made of the articles engraved in the Illustrated Cata-

logue does not enable us to particularize respecting them so fully as we would like to do.

We must leave them therefore with our readers, with a simple commendation of their grace and beauty.



From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

CHEER thee! faint and weary one,
Wearied with the sowing,
On the rugged paths of life
Tears from eyes o'erflowing.
Deem not *one* is shed in vain,
Doth not Heaven's gentle rain
Set earth's blossoms blowing?

Thou must learn on Nature's page
How, from present sorrow,
Loving faith and noble trust,
Future good may borrow—
That, how dark soe'er the cloud
Folds our sun-god in a shroud,
He *must* rise to-morrow.

Sow in Faith, or tears, or seed,
O'er thy pathway flinging;
Then await the rich reward
From these germs upspringing.
Over each GOD'S angel bends,
To the earthborn flowers he tends,
Dew and sunshine bringing.

Sow in Hope—no dark despair
Mingled with thy weeping;
Sad may be the seedtime here,
Joy awaits the reaping.
HE who wept for human woe
Deems thy teardrops as they flow
Worthy of His keeping.

But, o'er all things, sow in Love,
Hand and heart o'erflowing;
Soon, oh, faint and weary one!
Thou shalt cease from sowing.
And, behold each seedtime tear,
"First the blade and then the ear,"
In GOD'S harvest growing!

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

PARADISE MUSIC.

ON the dreary winter nights, 'tis said that whisperings wild and sweet
Are borne aloft on the wailing winds, some watcher's ear to greet:
When the opening gates of paradise receive a soul to rest,
This strain of angel-song escapes from the mansions of the blest;
And the dulcet music floateth down, transient as young love's day,
And onward dim re-echoing, dies through boundless space away.

There's a haunting music, too, which comes from memory's golden land,
When loved and lost in shadowy train revisit the radiant strand;
And fond affection's thrilling tones, with remembered pathos seem

To shed o'er a void reality the peace of some happy dream.
When ocean billows are surging round, the mariner's thought doth cling
To a home where flowers of summer bloom, and birds for ever sing.

Oh! welcome as dew to the tender herb when day is set in night,
These beautiful, fleeting, mystic strains from regions of bliss and light!
We, too, must rapidly pass away; and is not the longest life,
Compared with dread eternity, a moment of pain and strife?
So let us live, that in youth or age the paradise gates may be,
On the wintry night or the sunny day, opened for thee and me!

C. A. M. W.

NOTABILIA.

TWO CLASSES OF PHILANTHROPISTS.

There are two classes of philanthropists,—the feelers and the thinkers, the impulsive and the systematic—those who devote themselves to the relief or the mitigation of existing misery, and those, who, with a longer patience, a deeper insight, and a wider vision, endeavor to prevent its recurrence and perpetuation by an investigation and eradication of its causes. The former, in imitation as they imagine of their master, go from house to house assuaging wretchedness, but, alas! not always "doing good;" relieving present evils, but too often leaving an increasing crop ever springing up under their footsteps; attended and rewarded by blessings, but doomed, probably, at length to feel that they have ill deserved them. Far different is the course of the latter class: their life is spent in a laborious research into remote and hidden causes—in a patient and painful analysis of the operation of principles from the misapplication or forgetfulness of which our social disorders have sprung—in sowing seeds and elucidating laws that are to destroy the evil at a distant date which they themselves may never see, while sometimes its pressure may be aggravated during the period which they do see. They are neither rewarded by the gratitude of those for whom they toil—since the benefits they confer are often blessings in disguise and *in futurum*—nor gratified by beholding the fruit of their benevolent exertions, for the harvest may not be ripe till all of them have passed away, and till most of them have been forgotten. Nay, more, they are misrepresented, misconstrued, accused of hardness of heart by a misconceiving generation, and too often cursed and thwarted by the very men in whose service they have spent their strength. And while those who have chosen the simpler and easier path are reaping blessings, in return for the troubles they have ignorantly stimulated and perpetuated by relieving, these men—the martyrs of philanthropy—must find their consolation and support in unswerving adherence to true principles and unshrinking faith in final victory; and must seek their recompense, if they need one, in the tardy recognition of their virtues by a distant and a wiser time. While, therefore, the warm and ardent natures which can find no peace except in the free indulgence of their kindly impulses are worthy of all love, and even, amid all the mischief they create, of some admiration for their sacrifices and zeal—and while we fully admit that they also have a mission to fulfil—we cast in our lot with their more systematic fellow-laborers, who address themselves to the harder, rougher, more unthankful task of attacking the source rather than the symptoms—of eradicating social evils rather than alleviating them.—*Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1851.

DUTY AND WORK.

I have found a good in every thing I have learned. By degrees your destiny will open before you. You will learn what you are good for—what you are made for. I can say nothing more definite, and this is definite enough, and full of animation: do your duty, and you cannot fail to fit yourself for an honorable work.—*Dr. Channing.*

It rarely happens that one artificial mind can succeed in forming another; we seldom imitate what we do not love.

The best built fortune must yield to hazard and submit to time.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

Every one complains of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

There are more victims to errors committed by society itself, than society supposes.

From "Howitt's Journal."

THE SPAHIS' MARCH.

"*Bravissimo, maestro mio! A little while, and Halévy, Berlioz, and all must go* down before you, as you do before me at this moment." With that the foot was suddenly withdrawn from the chair-leg, and the successful musician, cornet-à-piston in hand, prostrated on the floor.

"*Sacré*, Auguste, you should'nt," said the poor fellow, scrambling awkwardly on his hands and knees.

"Never mind, *mon brave garçon;* for one knock down I'll give you such a help up that all Paris shall ring with your fame. 'The Spahis' March' shall be our entrance into every town of conquered Algeria; it shall be our triumphal return to Paris; it shall make the house rise with the curtain at the 'Académie;' and (the door opened to admit a young girl carrying a yellow rose-plant of a peculiar shade) it shall be softened into a serenade the day I claim a certain promise, Eulalie." The unoccupied hand was at the speaker's lips, and a bright blush was the only answer. The foregoing scene took place in a small room, not quite a garret, in the Quartier Latin; the actors were two young ex-students of the Ecole Polytechnique, alike in age, but differing in every other particular; one rich, well-born, handsome, with all the good spirits good fortune gives; the other poor, low-born, plain, and obliged to husband what spirits he possessed for the life-struggle which lay before him. The third person who entered at the conclusion of the scene was the sister of the latter, a pretty young *fleuriste* of the Rue Vivienne, who had for some time attracted the attention, and gained the fancy, he called it the heart, of Auguste Dumont, her brother's very unequal companion. The two Duprés were orphans, bound together by more than the ordinary bond of affection, their lonely situation. Adolphe had been educated at the Polytechnique, where his talent for music had caused an intimacy with Auguste, who loved it passionately; and the united attractions of Adolphe's cornet-à-piston and Eulalie's bright eyes brought him to the small room in the Quartier Latin oftener than to the gay *salons* on the opposite bank of the Seine. It was the time for Auguste to join the regiment of Spahis in which he had just got his commission, on its departure for Africa, and he was full of hopes for himself and promises for his friends. Poor Adolphe had just got the place of trombone player in Franconi's orchestra, which might lead to something better, but his brightest hopes rested on the ultimate success of a march he had composed, and, in honor of his friend's regiment, named "The Spahis' March;" this, he doubted not, would, through Auguste's patronage, realise all the visions men indulge in at twenty. And now Auguste rose to depart: this night's leave-taking could not be like the usual "à demain" of the three friends; and young Dumont, who shared with his countrymen a taste for theatrical effects as well as much sentiment, rose, took Eulalie's hand in one of his, and Adolphe's in the other, then holding them both together in his left, raised the right, in the attitude of oath-taking, "Adolphe and Eulalie," said he, "brother and sister Dupré, on the eve of commencing a career of danger and glory, hear my resolution: though ye share not my danger, ye shall share my glory; let the battle be mine, the victory yours. You, Adolphe shall claim my promise in the success of your march, which I will render celebrated; and you, Eulalie—here he dropped his voice to a low, tender tone, as he plucked a bud from the rose already mentioned, and placed it in her bosom—from you shall I claim again this rose-bud, and with it another promise. And now farewell both, and when you hear of my fame, remember you share it."

"And we, on our part," said Adolphe, speaking for his sister, promise that my march, and her rose-bush, shall alone be yours; it is all we have to promise or to give." Auguste embraced them both, and hurried away. The next morning the brother and sister stood outside the barrier through which passed the regiment of Spahis, the sun shining on the handsome person and brilliant uniform of Auguste Dumont, as, full of hope, happiness, and vanity, he rode past, nodding a recognition to them—if they saw it through their tears.

Adolphe went back to his trombone-playing, Eulalie to her flower-making, and both to think of Auguste, the former doubting less than ever of his brilliant friend's

will and power to perform his promises; the latter, with a more correct instinct, feeling a strong misgiving that the dazzling career now stretching before him would not allow him to think of his poor early friends in the Quartier Latin.

"He'll soon forget us," sighed she, as she looked at the faded rose-bud, though she did not try to infect the hopeful spirit of Adolphe with her doubts, as he preluded the notes of the Spahis' March on his inseparable cornet-à-piston, and spoke of Auguste's and their glorious future. She let him build his castles, and worked at her flowers. From time to time the usual reports, correct and incorrect, reached them from the seat of the war. Auguste had written to them from Marseilles previous to his embarkation; his letter was short and joyous; he promised to write again from Oran, but he did not. The campaign had begun in good earnest, so most likely he could not. And now the *cafés* became filled with eager and interested groups, talking with true Parisian animation; and the names of Bugeaud, Cavaignac, Changarnier, and others, rang loudly in the ears of Paris; caused her walls to strike out in great placards and *affiches*, and covered the saloons of the Luxembourg with Horace Vernet's pictures. The Journals and the Chambers talked of nothing but razzias and Kabyles, whilst the *élégantes* assumed *coiffures à l'Africaine;* but all this was public and official, and said nothing about Auguste. Private rumor, more than public report, spoke of him, and its tales to the brother and sister Dupré were varied, and, to an indifferent hearer, might have been amusing: to each it had its different version of the subject, and something in common to both. To Adolphe it said that his *quondam* friend had made many brilliant and delightful associates in the army, who must necessarily supersede him; that his prospects were splendid, and his promotion would be rapid —but he had never been heard to mention the Spahis' March; for all that, Adolphe played it on his cornet-à-piston. To Eulalie it said that her *quondam* lover had arrived at Oran with a beautiful little Arlesenienne, who had followed him disguised as a boy, and was accompanying him through the campaign, though he made her sadly jealous with a native sultana. Eulalie sighed, and looked at the yellow rose-bush. To both it said that he was admired, envied, and distinguished for his courage, talents, and good fortune.

"Auguste will not forget us," said Adolphe; "wait till they take some fortress, and then we shall hear of the Spahis' March."

Klemsau was taken, and Paris rejoiced; Auguste had especially distinguished himself, was made captain on the spot, and his regiment had entered the town in triumph.

"Now, Eulalie," exclaimed her happy brother, "we shall hear of the Spahis' March."

They heard the particulars of the storm and the surrender, they heard of the bravery of the troops, the talent and courage of their leaders; they heard of Auguste, his present honors and his future fame, but they heard nothing of the Spahis' March.

"Perhaps the next town they take, Eulalie, we shall hear; Auguste has not had time to think about it," said the simple-hearted musician, and he played it as a solo in honor of his friend. Whilst Auguste was conquering, Adolphe was struggling. His little room in the Quartier Latin was as poor as ever. The table, the two chairs, the mattress he slept on, the trombone he played at Franconi's, were its only furniture; his beloved cornet-à-piston, and Eulalie's yellow rose, its only ornaments. This was the prose of life, with its bare necessaries—that the poetry, with its music and perfume: the one gave the knowledge of his true position, the actual fact of what he was, the other was his dream—his air-castle, the vision of what he would be. In the one he was the poor trombone-player of the Cirque Olympique, in the other the celebrated composer of "The Spahis' March." It was the contrast of present and future, of poverty and glory. Happy Adolphe! he lived by faith; and Eulalie! she looked at her rose-bush, shook her head, stifled a sigh, and made a very good copy of a yellow rose-bud, with silk, muslin, and wire, and what was better, sold a wreath of them very well the following day.

The campaign ended, Auguste's regiment remained at Marseilles, causing Adolphe to believe and declare that had he returned to Paris, he would have entered to the strains of the Spahis' March. Another campaign began and ended, and Auguste returned with the title of colonel, and without an arm. He

entered Paris; it was almost a triumph. The regiment had been so distinguished in Algeria that its return was a public event, and the young colonel was regarded by his friends as something hardly less than Bugeaud himself. Crowds assembled to witness the entrance; and the novel appearance of the native Algerian troops combined with the knowledge of its services, all made the scene singularly striking and attractive. Adolphe and Eulalie stood on the same spot, outside the barrier, where they had witnessed its departure; and Auguste, older, browner, more worn, more military—at once the worse, and the better for wear—rode past them without recognition. The band of his regiment played something; Adolphe listened with ears and heart—it was not the Spahis' March.

When Auguste was made colonel, Adolphe had been promoted from the Circus orchestra to that of the Italian opera, where his cornet-à-piston had given him higher rank and better wages than his trombone had done; and he was seated in his usual place in the orchestra the night of the grand performance in honor of Auguste's regiment. The musicians had tuned their instruments, and all were ready to begin when the Spahi officers in full uniform entered their opera boxes. Adolphe looked up and recognized distinctly the handsome figure of his ex-friend, though his hair was so short, his mustaches so large, and his face so thin, to say nothing of the loss of his arm. In honor of their presence, the house stood up, smiled, and waved handkerchiefs—whilst the orchestra played the regimental march, a wild and spirited Moorish air. Adolphe's cornet-à-piston did its part; but his eyes filled, and his heart sank, for other notes rang in his ears—the notes of his own Spahis' March. The performance was over, and he returned to his little room, his first faith shaken, but not destroyed.

"It is thus Auguste has fulfilled his promises! and yet, when has he time to think of us? You see, Eulalie, he has been so hurried, how could he? we must wait."

"We must," said Eulalie, and she said nothing more.

They did wait, and wait patiently, till one sunny morning, when bright Paris was looking its brightest, a marriage, first civil, then sacramental, a double tie, knotted doubly firm by mayor and priest, with all the accompaniments of *trousseau* and settlements, cashmeres and diamonds, took place; and the parties were the most elegant and best dowered *demoiselle à marier* in Paris, the daughter of the Viscount de Belleville, and the distinguished young colonel of Spahis—Auguste Dumont. A bouquet of beautiful yellow roses was thrown into the bride's carriage as she left the church of the Madeleine, but it was not of that peculiar shade; a band serenaded the new married pair at their hotel, but it did not play the Spahis' March. At last Adolphe's eyes were opened, and he saw the truth. There could be no mistake; Auguste had forgotten both his friends and his promises. He lived in his splendid hotel in the Rue Rivoli, as the colonel Count Dumont; they in their small house in the Quartier Latin, as the brother and sister Dupré. It is useless complaining of the injustice of either man or fortune. Adolphe had never played his march to any one but Eulalie, though he fancied (it might be a composer's vanity) that the *Chef d'Orchestre* at the opera would approve it. But it had been promised, as it was dedicated to his early friend, and no one else seemed to have any right to it. Eulalie felt the same towards her rose plant; the flowers she had plucked from it were always admired, the buds she had made from it always sold. And she might have sold the plant, no doubt; but it was promised to Auguste. They little knew how soon they would fulfil their promises.

The present and future of the count and countess Dumont had to be identical, but their past had been very dissimilar; for whilst Auguste was making razzias and killing Kabyles, Ernestine was singing duetts and listening to Bellini's languishing strains at the opera with her cousin Henri. Ernestine was beautiful, Henri devoted, and life was a dream of delight to both. But unfortunately they remembered their dream when they ought to have forgotten it; as Auguste found out to his loss, when nothing remained to him but to challenge the too fortunate *beau cousin* to a twelve paces' distance meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, where his usual good luck deserted him, and instead of avenging his wounded honor, he was brought home with Henri's ball in his breast, dying, to his wife; who had the

satisfaction to know that her husband was killed and her lover escaped.

In the prime of youth, health, glory, and prosperity, the young colonel of Spahis was carried to his grave with full military honors. The processsion was a very long one, and many people looked at it, though his widow shed no tear. At midnight from out the cemetery of Père la Chaise, borne along on the silent air, came the notes of music, long-drawn, sweet, subdued. A priest coming from administering the last rites of the church to a dying man, paused, crossed himself, then hastened on—there was something so strange and plaintive in the sound and the time.

It had sounded no triumph on the conquest of a city; it had rung to no victorious entry; it had breathed no gentle serenade; but over the grave of broken friendship, hopes, and promises, Adolphe Dupré played the Spahis' March! On the following day, several persons walking in the cemetery saw at the head of a newly made grave a yellow rose plant of a peculiar shade. If they connected this circumstance with the sounds heard the night before, they did right. It was the record of a promise faithfully made and faithfully kept.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

JAPAN.

We may as well go by the Northwest Passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Aliaska runs a chain of islands,—the Aleutian,—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs,—the Kurile Islands,—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main island of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Corea. In sailing by these islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring Straits, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamtchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja, (fifteen thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three feet.) Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too polite to outrage Japanese propriety by landing, even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand, eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole state, which the Chinese modify into Jih-pun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs; boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki, between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars, and laurels, picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a *hill-side*, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of

greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan; and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand, eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable rambles. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched; every thing betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man undergoes personal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that of Liverpool and that of Constantinople. Between island and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbor. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so; for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far; they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap; the population of Japan is probably near thirty million,—and who should care for a few dozen mariners?

If you please, we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story, lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw,—coated over, like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass for window panes, Venetian blinds, and around each house a veranda, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How very awkardly they slip along! With so much energy and vigor in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet? They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbor, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks indoors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the by, you may perceive, that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-paper,—one of the little squares of clean white paper always ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used, is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and color. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The women keep their

entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoise-shell, as big as office rulers.* Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows.

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds. Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trowsers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trowsers. Merchants and respectable tradesman form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trowsers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day laborers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly unrecognized, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaves it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep their valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. For desolating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; so common, that almost every house is prudently provided with a fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, and the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horse-shoe over it—there's not an iron horse-shoe in Japan,—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being "*He, he, he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of

* Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our shadowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacs, and calculate their own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a wood-cut imitation of handwriting; movable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilization; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of monosyllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled, by the strangeness of all things we see, into a curiosity like that of children, we admire his sword. The hilt is very beautiful, composed of various metals blended into a fine enamel. This enamel is used in Japan where Europeans would use jewels, because the art of cutting precious stones is not known to the Japanese. For the blade of this sword it is not impossible that a sum has been given not unlike a hundred pounds; the tempering of steel is carried to perfection in Japan, where gentlemen are connoisseurs in sword-blades. Young nobles lend their maiden swords to the executioner (who is always chosen from the defiled leather-selling race) that they may be tried upon real flesh and blood; as executions in Japan are generally cruel, and some criminals are hacked to death, rather than killed outright, the swords on such occasions are refreshed with a fair taste of blood. The mats upon the floor are the next things we notice; a thick matting of straw forms a substratum, over which are spread the fine mats, elegantly fringed. To see that lackered work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which we familiarly call Japan, in its perfection, we must evidently visit it at home. Any thing of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as this little table, is not to be found in Europe. Whatever trinkets pass out of these islands into Europe, do so *nayboen*,—that is, with secret connivance,—but the first-rate manufacturers are in no way suffered to come to us. Without *nayboen*, life would be insupportable in a minute wilderness of rules and customs. People even die *nayboen;* that is, a man lies unburied, and is said to be alive, when his death otherwise would lead to disagreeable results. Here, as elsewhere, when rules are made intolerably strict, evasion is habitual. The amount that cannot be evaded is astonishing enough, as we shall see ere we return to England; now we are in the house of this gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behavior, it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that; and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and

vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants, if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? O dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. The boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practice all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appears inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which we have spent perhaps a little too much time: yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years' old, are not allowed to wear any thing tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe, that for a gentleman to turn his back upon a friend, is true politeness, in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil; it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat, also, in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plumbs, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too; bean-fields abound, and farms, of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favor, many a hillside, in Japan, is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this, the tea plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge, from which they gather their own leaves, and dry

tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silk-worm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones, the little ones are used by pleasure parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed monkey, (*Inuus speciosus;*) there is no other kind of monkey in these islands, and the snakes are all of species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game-laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, all are fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horsemen, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post; the greatest princes must put by their etiquette, and get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never horsed; but each pair at the conclusion of a stage, find the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on pack-horses or oxen over land; but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, is much more common. The roads are well swept, for the farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure; and as men with brooms clear the way before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the road-side, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691; still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of seven royal gods said to his wife one day, "There's earth somewhere, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear-point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty

thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, fancied a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado: from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddess, and *Kami*, which are minor gods, or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons à nos Mikados:* the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-ten-woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B. C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favor of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who married the daughter of a powerful papa; and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicated in favor of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikado was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jeddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honor he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god? Every article of dress that he puts on must be bran new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, every thing he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has been sanctified by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose one schism in Japan about the color of the devil. Four factions respectively declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado of that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-colored monster. Offices of state in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honor, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated

Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens, of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and fro; there are shops, signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a theatre; for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take place by day There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene-painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of gods and heroes: not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play, Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on; but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavored to make Nippon subject to him; but without success, winds and waves fighting with the Japanese. Mongolians were forbidden then to touch Japanese ground, but a century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonio Mota, and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly: some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too, with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favored the Christians, and invested Hide-yosi with high military rank. A usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hide-yosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas, a strong papa. Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-yosi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefore, and the great body of the Christians, warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards rebelling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the

Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government; accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history, we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helplessness; completed the fettering of the princes, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death, under the name of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned; the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

Let us now see how all the Japanese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch the actions of his five intermediate neighbors, and to keep a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands, The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honor great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the harakiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide against the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourage them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golownin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was foot-sore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape; which, if successful, would have entailed harakiri on his guards; they still showed no abatement of good nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. *It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.*

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

I HAD just returned from Canada, where I had been on service with my regiment, and had left it in consequence of the death of an uncle, who, contrary to my expectations, had named me as his heir. The landed property to which I succeeded was very considerable, and situated in Ireland; to which country I proceeded without any delay, and, at the time I speak of, was sitting in the breakfast-room of one of the best houses in Merrion-square, which had been my uncle's, and was now mine, awaiting the arrival of my agent, who was coming up from the country to meet me on important business connected with the estates. Now, though I felt no objection to be the possessor of a fashionable house in town, and of a fine ancestral place in the country, I had a very great objection to the trouble and *bother* which this acquisition of property had entailed upon me; and it was, therefore, in a mood which was, I fear, very far from being either amiable or resigned, that I contemplated the interview with Mr. B——. As a means of getting over the time, and of banishing unpleasant anticipations, I applied myself with unwonted energy to the perusal of the morning's paper, and having read the leading article and fashionable intelligence twice over, without, however, deriving much consolation from what I read, I turned as a last resource to the list of insolvent debtors, when my attention was suddenly riveted by a name there, which was quite familiar to me—"The Rev. William Shelton"—Shelton! and still it could *not* be Bill Shelton; my old *chum* at school and college. His father, General Shelton, was the wealthiest of Indian nabobs, and when I went out to Gibraltar, Shelton was going to be married to that scamp Tom Crofton's sister, and had then no more intention of entering the church than I had. Stranger things, however, have happened; the name, at least, was the same, and "the Reverend" prefixed to it, indicated that the poor fellow, whoever he might be, had seen better days. *I determined that I would not leave the matter in any doubt, and starting up* from my chair, I was dressed, and on my way to the Marshalsea in less than ten minutes.

I was sure of finding poor Shelton (if, indeed, it were Shelton) at the Marshalsea, for his name was classed amongst those most wretched of its wretched inmates, who, left without a friend or a shilling in the world, are confided as paupers to the custody of the marshal, and are daily supplied by him with a small allowance of food for their subsistence.

I soon arrived at my destination, and inquired whether Mr. William Shelton was confined there, and if so, whether I could see him. The turnkey who opened the gate replied, that he was still there. "But he is not likely to remain long with us," he added; "he has been very bad all this week, and the doctor says that he cannot hold out for more than two days longer, at the farthest. If you wish to see him, come with me, sir; and, indeed, it will be a charity to do something for him; for never a one has been next or nigh him since he came here, and he seems *bruck* down entirely, sir, and more's the pity, for he has the cut of the *rale* gentleman about him after all."

I followed the compassionate jailer through the dreary corridor of this abode of misery, until he stopped before a door at which he knocked, and a feeble voice, which though sadly altered, I instantly recognized to be Shelton's, desired us to come in. I entered, and the turnkey closed the door, and left us together.

Poor Shelton did not at first recognize me, for the narrow, dust-stained window threw but little light upon the wretched apartment; but when I spoke, and called him by his name, he stretched out his wasted hand from the miserable pallet upon which he lay, and murmured as I pressed it, "How very kind, how truly kind of you; I did not think I had a friend left."

I could not speak, for I felt so inexpressibly shocked and overcome, that the words of comfort and commiseration which I would fain have uttered, died upon my lips. Even now I cannot bear to recall the scene, Suf-

fice it to say, that under the influence of emotions, such as I had never experienced before, I stood in silence by his side, until he spoke again. He then related to me in feeble accents, which were often interrupted by a harassing and exhausting cough, the details of his hapless career.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I was about to be married to Crofton's sister, Mary. Her father and brother could with difficulty be induced to consent to a connection with the son of a man who had made his own fortune; and though, at length, they did consent, they never after her marriage treated her with the affection which her virtues and devotion so well merited. To me they were but barely civil. After we had been married two years, I received a letter from my father announcing his total ruin in consequence of the failure of his Indian bankers. This catastrophe completed the rupture with my poor Mary's family; but to you, who know her so well, I need scarcely say that it made no change in her."

He need not have feared that *I* could for a moment have doubted her; little did he guess how passionately, though hopelessly, I had loved her.

"For some time previous," he continued, "I had entertained a strong desire to enter the church; you may not believe me, but the desire was sincere. My wishes, however, had been so strongly opposed by my father, that it was not until after his death, which took place shortly afterwards, that I was able to carry my intentions into effect. Sir Robert Crofton, when I had been ordained about a year, procured for me the presentation to a small living in the west of Ireland, with the intention, as he plainly intimated, of relieving himself from all further obligations; indeed, considering the extravagant life which both he and his son unfortunately led, I could not have expected any further assistance from him, even if he had been anxious to afford it. A diary which I occasionally kept, and which you will find in that little writing-case beside me, (the only property I now possess,) will give you some information as to the subsequent events of my cheerless life. But the recollections of the past are so agonizing to me, that I dare not dwell upon them now. I would not wish to disturb by vain repinings, the blessed hope which I humbly entertain of being soon for ever reunited to those I loved so fondly here."

"And Mary!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

"Thanks be to God, she is at peace."

A cold shudder chilled through me as he spoke, and an exclamation of passionate regrets burst from my lips. But he heeded it not. His thoughts were far away, and on his wasted features there rested a fervent, trustful, I had almost said, a heavenly expression, that silently rebuked my selfish sorrow, and, abashed and humbled, I felt like a guilty creature as I stood by the side of the dying man.

He was now quite exhausted, and fell back into an uneasy sort of slumber. And as it now wanted but a few minutes of the hour at which I had appointed to meet Mr. B——, I left poor Shelton under the care of the turnkey, who promised not to leave him until my return, and took my departure with a heavy heart.

On my way home, I called at the house of a relative of mine, an eminent physician, and no less distinguished for his skill and experience as a medical man, than for his humane, gentle, and compassionate disposition; one whose anxious endeavor it ever was to soothe and alleviate the mental as well as bodily sufferings of his patients. Nor was I mistaken in supposing that he would promptly accede to my request; that he would pay an immediate visit to the poor sufferer. "I will not delay a moment," he said, in a tone of great feeling, "but I fear from what you have told me that I can be but of little service to him now."

His carriage was at the door, and as he stepped into it, I heard him say to the servant, "To the Marshalsea." I then returned home, and as Mr. B—— had not arrived, I had time to look at some of the entries in the diary which I had taken from Shelton's desk. A few extracts from its melancholy records will be necessary to explain to the reader the causes which had reduced him to the state of destitution in which I found him:—

"*June* 25, 1845.—Arrived last night at my new parsonage. A comfortable but rather gloomy house, with a few scrubby ill-grown plantations round it, very much neglected. The little lawn in stubble. No vestige of a flower-garden. However, Mary will soon set all that to rights. The last in-

cumbent must have been a man of but little taste.

"27*th*—This day went over the parish; find, as I feared, that I have but very few Protestant parishioners, and most of these live at a great distance. Depend chiefly for a congregation upon the police and my own household. The population of this district very dense. The holdings very small. The quantity of potatoes grown here quite unusual.

"*August* 22*d*.—More at home now. *Mary has made our little parsonage assume* quite a cheerful and home-like aspect. Dined yesterday with Mr. O'Donoghue, the proprietor of the greater part of my parish. A hospitable and friendly man; very large family, six sons, all doing, and to do, nothing, with the exception of one whom they style "colonel." He is intended for the army.

"*June* 25*th*, 1846.—To-day is the anniversary of my first arrival in this parish. With what altered feelings do I now regard this place. At first a sense of duty alone reconciled me to the dreariness and loneliness of this most primitive part of the world. Now I am quite habituated to it, and have absolutely become attached to my little rectory. I know every one in the parish, and am more than compensated for the absence of civilized society, by the friendly kindness, I might almost say, the confiding affection of the small farmers and poor people around us. By one I feel this kindness is most undeserved. But they could not but love my Mary; their earnest, unobtrusive instructress and adviser; their gentle, sympathetic nurse and comforter; their—. But I never could sum up half her matchless qualities

"*Sept.* 3*d*.—A strange rumor abroad.—Pat Henessey, who works in the garden, tells me that his brother, who holds a small farm close by, on examining his pits, discovered that a great portion of the potatoes had rotted away. I pray God this may not prove to be the case with other people, the consequences would be too fearful. Henessey was always a bad farmer; so, perhaps, the calamity is confined to him.

"*Oct.* 28*th*.—The accounts of the country on every side are heart-breaking. The blight is universal. We are in God's hands, He alone knows, when or how the plague can be stayed.

"*June* 25*th*, 1847.—My second year in this place is at an end to-day, and oh, what a retrospect! A fearful winter have we gone through. But it is past; we suffered many privations, and our poorer neighbors still more; but hope has not left us yet; never did the fruits of the earth flourish more luxuriantly. Never had we a more glorious promise of an abundant harvest. All may yet be well—

'Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe,
When Nature speaks of joy and hope alone.'

"*Nov.* 6*th*.—Truly the Destroying Angel has again unsheathed his sword. All is desolation and despair. Hope has forsaken even the stoutest hearts. Saw O'Donoghue to-day; he is very desponding; he says that can collect no rents, and does not know where to get the money to pay the interest on the family incumbrances. Did not like to press him for my rent charge, but cannot do very much longer without it.

"*June* 25*th*, 1848.—To-day I enter upon a fourth year of duty, which has now become painful and agitating. Once again summer is here, but this time its verdure and brilliancy but mock our misery. Famine and disease have filled every habitation with mourning and despair. O'Donoghue, utterly ruined, has fled the country, and my little income nearly gone in consequence, is still further diminished and almost eaten up by excessive poor rates. The state of destitution to which we are reduced few could imagine to be possible. Almost every little valuable I possessed has been disposed of, and an insurance on my life has been forfeited. Indeed, we should have been without the means of subsistence, but for a temporary loan obtained at a most exorbitant rate of interest from that usurer, Hickman. I wish I could have avoided it. But Mary must not starve; she must never know what want is. Even as it is, I fear the misery around her has preyed upon her mind and injured her health—she looks pale, haggard, and dejected.

"*Sept.* 20*th*.—I am very unhappy about Mary, she is in a most delicate state of health. A letter from her brother which she received yesterday, stating that the family estate was in the hands of the Jews, and that he was in the Queen's Bench prison, has given a severe shock to her system.

It is vain for me to try and blind myself to what is coming; she is sinking rapidly, yet without a murmur or complaint. In a few weeks we shall be without the means of subsistence, and must *she* die of want?

"*Oct.* 30*th.*—She is dead. For her it is well that it should be so, she never knew the utter destitution which now awaits me. I have resigned my living, for I am no longer able to fulfil the duties it imposes upon me. Friendless and broken-hearted, in a few days, I leave for ever this once happy home.

"*April* 29*th.*—An insolvent debtor, and in jail. The pittance I endeavored to obtain as a tutor has failed to satisfy Hickman's claims, and he is merciless. But my release from all my sorrows is, I trust, at hand. Weak and feeble in body, and prostrated in soul, I feel that my sad and weary pilgrimage will soon be at an end. And now, every thought, and hope, and wish is fixed above."

These extracts will suffice to throw some light upon the painful events of a life of trials and reverses almost unexampled, and to account for the miserable termination of an upright and blameless career.

My agent had now arrived, and I was detained by him until a late hour in the evening, the business with which we were engaged being of so imperative a nature as not to admit of any postponement. As soon as I was able to get away, I sent for a car, and hurried to the Marshalsea, but I arrived too late. "It is all over with the poor fellow, sir," said the kind-hearted turnkey, as he opened the gate, and he spoke in a husky, suppressed voice, as if he feared by his usual rough tones to disturb the dead man's eternal repose. As he was speaking Dr. S—— joined us; he had remained with Shelton to the last, and was now going to make some arrangements for the performance of the last sad offices. He informed me that when he arrived he found Shelton in a most excited state, and evidently enduring severe mental suffering. At first, he was unable to control his feelings; tears rolled down his cheeks, and the convulsive manner in which he clasped his hands, as he prayed in feeble, sobbing accents, betrayed the bitter anguish that was within. He at length became more composed, and lay perfectly still and almost motionless, for some time; when suddenly a deep flush overspread his features, he half-raised himself in his bed, and stretching out his arms as if to enfold some dear object near him, faintly murmured, "Mary." This effort was his last; the blood gushed in torrents from between his lips, and he fell back dead. He was faithful to the last. His heart's failing stream bore on it the name of her, who in weal and woe, in prosperity and want, as now in death, had ever been the pure, sole idol of his soul.

I parted with S—— at the gate, and proceeded to the room where lay Shelton's remains. His features had been composed, but the bed was still unarranged, and the coverlid stained with his blood, gave an indescribably ghastly appearance to the wasted features, still damp with the dews of the last mortal agony.

And was this all that remained of him whom fourteen short years ago I first met, a fair-haired laughing child, a spoiled child, an only child; the heir, as we all supposed, to immense riches; without a care, without a sorrow or a want. Six years had but elapsed since I last parted from him in the first bloom of exulting manhood—flattered, caressed by all; beloved, oh! how well, by one. How brilliant, how radiant were the sunny hopes that smiled upon his early path; and now—! I turned to the window with sickening revulsion of feeling, and opened it to admit the air, for I felt gasping for breath. The evening was still and calm, and the deadened roar of the great city came booming heavily on my ears; and to my saddened heart it seemed to tell a mournful tale of young spirits too soon depressed, and opening hopes too early blighted, of fair unfulfilled promises, of beauty stricken in its pride, and manhood in its lustiness. We heed them not, but such sad realities are for ever before our eyes—

> "Still, as we downwards glide,
> Life's ebbing stream
> Shows at each turn some mouldering hope or joy,
> The Man seems following still the Funeral of the Boy."

Oh! vanity of vanities! and is this the world whose vanishing pleasures we pursue with such blind devotion, on which we recklessly lavish health, fortune, time. Fool, fool! I bitterly muttered, as I thought of many occurrences of my past life. But few years had passed over my head, and those

unmarked by care, difficulties, or bereavement. I still trod the highway of life with unabated vigor; but of the fair flowers that once clustered round my path, how many, too carelessly gathered ere they blossomed, or too rudely trampled upon in their bloom, now lay withered, perfumeless, and dead. The remembrances of misspent hours, of neglected opportunities, of love and peace rejected, seemed to crowd upon my fancy like upbraiding spectres, and taunt, and mock at me; and I turned for refuge to the dead man's wretched couch. Yes, to that miserable, squalid, lonely pallet; to that pale, wasted, rigid corpse; for on those features so tried with sorrow, and worn by want, there rested an expression so calm and resigned, so full of joy and love, that the maddening emotions of my heart were stilled; and I gazed on in silence, wonder, and admiration, until as I gazed, a feeling of envy stole upon me. Yes, strong, young, wealthy, I stood in that wretched garret, and *envied* the broken-hearted pauper, who lay there, dead, friendless, and forgotten.

A plain white tablet in Glasnevin Cemetery marks the spot where poor Shelton lies, and thither do I bend my steps, when better feelings have the mastery over me, and purer aspirations fill my mind, and seem to derive strength and resolution, and to acquire piety and resignation, as I stand by the grave of

"The Insolvent Debtor."

From "Howitt's Journal."

A LEGEND OF DUNLUCE.

Towards the close of the year 1548, one merry night music and revelry were within the walls of Dunluce castle, a noble edifice situated on an isolated rock on the north-western coast of Antrim; for Burg M'Quillan, its warm but simple-hearted chieftain, had become the father of a daughter, who on that day had received the name of Ely, and the kinsmen of the M'Quillan were holding an Irish christening. Many a proud and passionate lay of battle and of victory was hymned on that night by the white-bearded minstrel of the sept; and then would he breathe through the quivering wire the fiery spirit of the chase, with the onward sweep of the devoted stag, or the hungry howl of the shaggy wolf, as it skulked from the lances of its pursuers. Anon would the hoary bard mantle his exhausted spirit with the rosy light which he drew from the blood of the Spanish grape, as it glowed in the golden goblet of his chieftain. High in Dunluce castle ran the hilarity of warriors; hope sat on every heart, and sang to every soul that long, sweet song that so often ends with a bitter burden. What did Burg M'Quillan care on that night for the princes of the pale? He was an Irish chieftain, the leader of a band, which, if small, was faithful; and had that week not given him a child, a mother of many heroes?

"Quaff, kinsmen, and thou, my fire-souled minstrel, a lay to the daughter of the M'Quillan!"

Through the whispering chords ran the long, thin fingers, as if in pursuit of suitable numbers; and while they lightly danced on the slender wire, as though to the echo of their own touch, the kindling eyes of the minstrel, piercingly fixed upon space, seemed as if gazing on a shadowy panorama of the future; a cloud came upon his brow, his bosom heaved, and his whole spirit became agitated with apparent terror and indignation: he sang, and his was a song of mingled mystery and sorrow. He talked of targe and tartan, two-handed broadswords and warriors from the islands; he talked of native strength and hospitality fleeing the towers of Dunluce before the honeyed breathings of a stranger; and he wailed and wept over the desolation of his sept, which, he said, should one day spring from the wandering eye and love, the raven ringlets and alienated blood of a M'Quillan.

"Hush!" said the chieftain; "for, by the ghost of Heremon, there is falsehood in this thy prophecy. Have the iron towers of Dunluce been built of the morning clouds? Is the name of the M'Quillan but a whisper of the breeze, that passes and returns not? Ha, ha! everlasting as the tall rock and the broad land we inherit, is the strength, hospitality, yes, and the awe of our foam-belted eyrie and the name of the M'Quillan! Hush, hush! that name was written on the foundation stone of the earth, and shall there be discovered when the elements of the universe are perished in their last battle. Dim and dark be the eye that could wander from the brightness of the present to feast upon such

unhallowed shadows; silent and shattered be the craven's lyre that could wed its notes to the utterance of such blasphemy. Blasphemy! yes, the blackest: it is the red wine of thy chief, feeble-armed one, that has battled with the blood upon thy brain and gained the victory. Go, and sing no more, till some newly-won laurel of the M'Quillan drives the dastard from thy soul, begets thereon a nobler theme, and opens to thy spirit a less cloudy field when it essays to prophecy!"

The minstrel arose, and would have replied, but his chieftain beckoned in wrath, and the man of gloomy visions sighed, bowed, and retired. That night of revelry passed and was followed by many more; years rolled away, and the minstrel mouldered amongst the ashes of his kindred: he and his song were alike forgotten.

Ely M'Quillan was a tall, slender girl, fifteen years of age, fair and gentle as a spring morning, worshipped by young and old; warrior, virgin, and veiled matron loved to look on the rose of the Rowte,* to bless the walls of Dunluce for her sake, to mingle her name with their thoughts of salvation, and with the minstrelsy of their merry-makings. Ely loved to be much alone; she loved to wander thus over the white strand, and to commune with her own heart and the whispering waters, when the far hills of Inishowen arose golden and well-defined against the sky of evening. It was in the spring of 1563; a calm and glorious evening, a receding sea, and a band of busy and pleasant thoughts had decoyed young Ely a long mile from the towers of Dunluce. The voice of the waters seemed to be growing suddenly and strangely loud; she lifted her eyes and beheld a train of light vessels filled with tartaned warriors, whose oars dashed quickly through the slender wave that had kissed her foot but a moment or two before. Hospitable and homely feelings existed between her father and many of the islesmen, but not all of them; these, therefore, might be enemies of her house; Ely thought so, and turned to flee, for she was light of foot as was her own shadow. Short was her flight; at her right hand stood a princely-looking youth, a stranger and a warrior. Much did he appear amazed; but not at the jewels in her ears nor the silky texture of her sweeping mantle; it was her beauty that astonished him; both stood, and both for a time were silent.

"If my judgment deceives me not, I am in the presence of the M'Quillan's child?" said the young warrior, with some difficulty.

"May the judgment of a friend be still as free from error as, in this, is thine, strange sir," replied Ely, first reddening and then becoming pale as a young star at the approach of morning.

"And, truly, a friend to thee and thine, fair lady, is M'Donald, and his warriors; is not *their* will of his creating? This he would be fain to prove, even for many days, at Dunluce; but the need of Tyrconnell is great—great as the well-known hospitality of M'Quillan. Suffer me, therefore, a little way with thee homeward, and if my manner have not been unseemly, until my return haply the M'Quillan's child might obtain the protection of her sire for these the curraghs of the M'Donald?"

"It shall be as the stranger desires," said Ely.

And the twain moved onward with downcast eyes and in silence. Thus they proceeded till the walls of Dunluce were within the reach of a maiden's voice, when the young warrior paused, and the twain blushed, bowed, seemed to desire language which they found not, and separated.

Ely became more and more thoughtful, more desirous of being alone, and more addicted to long and lonely wanderings. She often looked towards the hills whose heathery plumes she had gazed on with such dreamy interest when the tartaned warriors of that evening walk sunk swiftly down behind them. Why did she look upon the hills? Her heart heaved at the inquiry, as half afraid to say it knew not; but those hills—oh, the eternally-crowned of heaven, how she loved to look upon them, yea, and even to scale their rugged sides! But it was only for the cool waters which lay beyond, and which were, she said, upon her lips as never before had been waters. Often, therefore, she wandered thither; but one day she went, the sun passed, and she returned not; it came in the morning, but not Ely. Wild and wasting was the grief in Dunluce castle, the M'Quillan sorrowing for his child; far and near he sought her; three

* The northwest of Antrim co. was so called.

hundred cows, the same number of sheep, whose fleece was thick and white as the mid-day cloud in summer, were to be his whose seeking was successful. Six days passed, and Ely came not.

It was a dark and bloody night when the haughty banner of Shane O'Neill was rent by the red hands of Tyrconnell; and a wealthy camp did the flying chieftain leave to the victors of that mountain battle.

"By the saints!" exclaimed a young and handsome warrior, as he brushed his streaming brow and arranged his disordered tartan—"but here is a sight to make strong minds marvel."

He stood before a weeping lady, amongst the spoils of the vanquished. At the sound of the warrior's voice, those weeping eyes were lifted.

"Sweet son of God!" she exclaimed, "do I, then, behold the M'Donald? And doth the M'Donald not remember Ely?"

"Oh yes, lady, too well do I remember thee; but this meeting," he added, with a sigh, "it is such a mystery; my soul trembles for thee, child of M'Quillan, while it yearns for an explanation."

Ely smiled amid her tears; and yet her heart arose and heaved for many minutes between her lips and the words she would have uttered.

"Thou fearest for me!" at length she answered, haughtily. "Alas! thou shouldst have known me."

"Known thee! art thou not Ely?"

"And is not Ely a M'Quillan, the daughter of an Irish chieftain?" and the maiden ceased her tears, and arose with the dignity of an angel.

"Before heaven and thee, sweet lady, I yield the iniquity of my thought; and yet, to be in the train of Shane O'Neill? Alas! is the snow of heaven not a mystery?"

"Only to the unlearned," said Ely, and her pure spirit looked from her eyes in its wonted lustre. "But list thou, gentle sir: seven times hath the sun sunk in the red west since the towers of Dunluce delighted the eyes of Ely. She loved the waters of a strange hill; many days she wandered thither, but there came a day when she and the stream she loved were surrounded by the warriors of an unfriendly sept, even as the reckless fawn is encompassed by the wolves of twilight. Hear me on; the Mac Neill is an uriaght* of Alaster Oge M'Donnell, the mercenary chief of the Glynns, whose steel has so often gleamed on the path of the haughty Shane; it was the clansmen of Mac Neill that surrounded Ely; their aid was given in secret to the enemy of Alaster, their chieftain's prince. They bound the daughter of M'Quillan, and upon their leader's steed bore her away. She sat in the sight of Tyrowen's lord, he sought her love; but the fiery-hearted Shane, even he was denied it; Ely had no love to bestow—she had but one heart, ever, and that—oh—Ely's tale is finished."

Once more in the Rowte were M'Donald and his warriors; their home was in Cantyre, and thither they were journeying; but they passed not, as aforetime, the castle of Dunluce, for a rich flower, and healing, for the breast of the M'Quillan bore they with them; it was his daughter. The soul of M'Quillan grew calm in the embraces of his child; and her kisses upon his cheek gave the heart within him its wonted gladness. High in favor with the chief became M'Donald, and for many days in Dunluce both castle and cabin held a jubilee; but in all this the Mac Neill was not forgotten. He was more potent than M'Quillan, and not long before had swept the Rowte of its whitest sheep and its fattest oxen; vengeance was, therefore, necessary. The gallow-glasses of M'Quillan, were summoned before their lord; the next morning must they march till their sharp axes gleam in the waters of the Bann, and be darkened in the blood of their enemy. The thoughts of M'Donald had been turning on Cantyre, for though Dunluce and the voice of Ely had become a heaven to his eye and ear, he would not too far tax the hospitality of a stranger. His, however, was a warm and heroic spirit, grateful, and thirsting for distinction; therefore he besought M'Quillan that, ere his return to Cantyre, he and his warriors might be permitted to accompany and aid him against the enemy. He besought not in vain; his proffered aid was accepted joyfully: nor in vain went he and the M'Quillan; deeply and darkly sprinkled left they the green banks of the Bann-water; and afar over the hills and upon the sea fell, that evening of their return, the lowing and

* Tributary chieftain.

bleating of the kine and sheep driven before them from the pastures of Mac Neill. The lord of Dunluce was avenged of his enemy, and delighted with his friend; the Scottish hills in the northeastern seas were becoming daily more and more indistinct, for winter was approaching; why could not M'Donald be happy for a few short months with the M'Quillan? So said the latter; and the heart of the young warrior heaving a joyful acquiescence, through the Rowte, and amongst the native gallow-glasses, were distributed the soldiers of the isles, there to await the light of spring upon the waters. Need we say that Ely loved M'Donald? Surely not; and if to say that he returned it be yet necessary, we are deceived, or have been deceiving: their love was mutual as it was strong. Ely thirsted no more for the streamlet of the hills, or to be alone in her wanderings; her evenings and her mornings were spent with the princely stranger. She never before had felt such happiness; her soul had become a stream of melody; and pure—pure as the cradle-hymn borne by the lark to the infant sun—was the love of that young heart and the wishes it created. Her father also loved M'Donald, for comely, winning of speech, and valiant, was the youth; but the old man dreamed of friendship, not of affinity. Talk of friendship in such as these! Alas! it is the swaddling clothes of love, when love is young, and may sometimes be its mask in maturity; but ever and ever, through the chill and flimsy dress, will the growing child in its recklessness be breaking; thus was it with the love of Ely. Deep but noiseless was the wrath of the M'Quillan when his understanding unwillingly admitted that his eyes were not deceivers—that the heart of his peerless girl was no longer within her keeping.

"Ely, thou hast grievously sinned against thy kindred in having thus bestowed a M'Quillan's queenly love upon a stranger."

"The friend of thine Ely's name, her own deliverer, and the fighter of thy battles—ah! in my father's soul of gratitude, for these—for such as is the M'Donald, there's surely a warmer and a holier name than stranger."

"Hush, Ely! love, love him as doth thy father; but this thou mayst not exceed."

Ely wept, and bitterly.

"Now, by the soul of Heber, this is an angry matter loth to be questioned; a goodly tree, my Ely, but may yield thee nauseous fruit: yea, thee and me. I love thy gratitude, but it is a sun of many shadows, whose setting—whose end we know not. Peace, though, with thy weeping; hear me, my child, my God-sent pearl; thy tears are lances, bitter as bright, lances with which thy father's soul would not contend: we shall speak again."

Often talked they thus; sorrow came upon Ely, sorrow wild and withering; it touched her cheek with a sickly white, and her eye with a fiery dew that scorched and dimmed its long fringe of black, and its deep spirit-lustre. She was a flower, in whose petal lay the life of her father's heart, and he could not—would not see her wither; a few weeks passed, and she became M'Donald's wife. Then was remembered the minstrel of the piercing eye, who had withered in the frown of his chieftain; and his forgotten song became a household spirit in Dunluce, and an utterer of angry mysteries. Men held their breath when they looked in the face of each other; haughty heads were shaken, and strong hands clenched, at the passing of the exalted stranger: but quiet prevailed, though a storm continued whispering. Princely was the fare bestowed upon the soldiers of the isles and the gallow-glasses of Dunluce, though heavily it taxed the shepherd-kinsmen of M'Quillan. Thus, through the Rowte, were the warriors distributed: a gallow-glass of the name and a soldier of Cantyre sat by the one hearth and feasted upon that which sprung from the labor of the indigent household. Yet, between the warriors, or the fare of each, according to the manner of those days, there was a certain distinction visible. To his ordinary rations, additional each gallow-glass received a measure of the sweet and snowy treasure of his hostess's dairy—the milk that gladdened the hearts of her children; to this the foreign warrior, it seems, was not entitled. Therefore became a soldier wrath with a native gallow-glass, who answered,

"And who art thou, that thou shouldst cloud thy brow at the weal of M'Quillan's gallo-glagh?"

"A Highland soldier I am, and by very much thy better. Milk also I shall have, as thou else; by the—"

"Peace, good Highland soldier—ha, ha!

Highland devil, or beggar as thou art, peace, sirrah! for by the true soul of M'Quillan, more than is thy due shall not be given thee. My better, saidst thou? By the sacred wand of our chief, the meanest kern of Dunluce is thy better, yea and thy master!"

And thus with fierce and searing words they probed and pierced each other, till language grew too light a weapon, and hasty hands applied they to their steel, when, quickly, their heavily-laden host observed, "Pharagh! good master warriors, I much rejoice to see your spirit. It is, moreover, true that ye have not a little right to goad and carve each other; ye are both grieved, and deeply. Therefore I hold it as a Christian man, that ye forthwith, as gentlemen and soldiers, do ascertain the texture of each other's flesh. But why hemmed up in a humble cabin should be the starry weapons? Out then to the green lea, and the blue sky—out then, good masters; let the sun look on you freely."

Forthwith upon the broad lea appeared the men of wrath; the battle was long and wavering; in strength, skill, and desperate spirit, they fitted well. One arm had the gallow-glass swathed in his shaggy and ample mantle, no indifferent buckler; the right arm waved his well-steeled axe, which was ever by too much rage befooled. More cautious was he of Cantyre; in a circle of which he stood the centre, whirled his long two-handed blade, in anxious parry more than deadly aim; thus he awaited the retiring strength of his enemy. Eager by one bold stroke to close the conflict and his foeman's life, the Irish soldier higher raised his axe; with thumb upon the handle firmly pressed, and forward shot, more truly to direct its course, down came the steel, fleet as his passion, but as wild; deeply it crashed through flesh and bone—but neither was his foeman's; it was his own stout limb beneath the knee the weapon entered. Then fell his bulky frame, but not in parts united; swiftly the opposing blade had swept the reeling, falling form; and when the Highland soldier rested on his sword, it was a headless trunk he smiled on. That evening on the southern side of Ailsa hill stood a band of troubled warriors; they were the clansmen of M'Quillan, but their chief was absent. Wrath, fierce and feverish was in their souls; they loved their lord, but they loved not his attachment to M'Donald; they had loved their fallen comrade, but not the man who slew him. Vengeance, therefore, was on every tongue—the power and designs of the stranger were dreaded, and on vengeance, deep and bloody, the clansmen decided. An hour more, and the waves were walking shoreward, with the roses of a twilight heaven on their glistening bosoms. In a western wing of the castle sat Ely, and by her a fair but sad-faced virgin: they were alone, and ever they looked in the eyes of each, and then upon the waters.

"Mauriad, my own, true foster-sister, knowest thou not that Ely loves thee?"

"Yes, lady, well know I that you love me."

"Why then should thy soul be selfish, and, like a miser's penny, have its sorrows locked from the ear of Ely? Nay, weep not, but tell me."

"Ask me not; for the sake of the holy Virgin, ask me not to tell thee; my tale would be an eating wolf in the heart of my lady-sister."

"Though it were a fiery demon, thou lovest not Ely by thus holding back her share; speak, Mauriad, speak; by the Virgin I adjure thee."

"Be it so, then, lady. Mauriad sorrows for thee and thine; for thus have sworn the clansmen of M'Quillan: the first ray of yonder sun in its returning shall light the souls of thy good lord's kinsman to where Heaven shall see it fitting. This in their wrath did Mauriad overhear them swear:—by to-morrow's dawn each M'Quillan shall slay his neighbor."

"It is well, Mauriad, that thy secret is broken."

And Ely arose, and stood, and walked, and seemed not flesh but spirit—a spirit beneath the wrath of God.

Next morning came the sun broad and glorious; it shone upon the M'Donalds—not slain were they, but weary; they sat upon the hills of Cantyre. Sadly on the shore of a stranger sorrowed M'Quillan's child.

"Holy, as is truth to the ear of Heaven, was the morning greeting of a father to Ely; not now—not now she sees him, with his locks like an auburn mantle, or a thin and dark cloud filled with the red light of morning. Oh, that the sea were a green field—that the waves were firm beneath the feet of Ely; oh, that the wind would bend

his neck to a bridle—that the eastern breezes were a steed, or their high pathways such as might be trodden by the feet of woman: then would Ely wander; then would she cool her brow in the breath of a father; a little while by her father, and Ely would be comforted.

Time passed, and Ely saw her father; he visited and blessed her in Cantyre. Often, and secretly, he came, for he said unto his heart, why should I grieve my kinsmen? They love not, but dread, M'Donald; they love M'Quillan and M'Quillan's child, but alas! they cannot love as loves her father, else would her lord be pardoned not dreaded. Time passed, and Ely became comforted; years passed, and left her sons and daughters; days also came in which the clansmen of M'Quillan remembered not that blood had been shed amongst them, or the vengeance they had sought upon M'Donald. It was the year 1577, the sixtieth spring of the M'Quillan, and the twenty-ninth of Ely: treachery and dark thoughts visited the Rowte, and like lean wolves ravening and clamorous skulked within the hearts of strange warriors; these were the M'Donalds. Mirth was in the Rowte, and revelry in Dunluce castle; the M'Quillan had embraced his Ely and felt glorified in her offspring. But with hungry eyes looked the strange soldiers upon the fair pastures, upon the sheep and kine, by which they were surrounded; and they said, one unto another, "Let the M'Quillan perish! these fields and flocks were better to us than ten Cantyres." They mended their curraghs while they talked and held council together; but a little maiden played among the sea-shells on the strand, and her ears devoured their resolutions: she was the first-born of Mauriad, the foster-sister of Ely. That day did Fardoragh, the father of the child-maiden, sit by his own hearth and swear, "Now, by the salvation of my race, it is well that I have a daughter; let the traitor come, we shall meet his arts with a wild and a bloody welcome." It was evening at Dunluce, and the gallow-glasses stood by the narrow entrance to the castle.

"Peace, child, and to thy mother," said a fierce and thoughtful-looking soldier to a little white-haired girl, who looked imploringly in his face, as she twined her thin fingers in the fringes of his mantle. "Peace, little one; what wouldst thou with our lady?"

"Ha!" said a companion of the soldier, "that is the motherless child, the daughter of poor Mauriad; she is ever welcome to the castle, and to our lady; yes, thou mayst pass, little fair and God-beloved one," and the child entered the castle.

Ely took the little one to her bosom, kissed her often, and sighed heavily; she thought upon the child's mother. Long and in low voices, talked they together; Ely embraced her, and wept bitterly when they separated. The sun had disappeared, and for the space of two long hours had the heavens been in darkness; there were no stars, and the waters talked of becoming turbulent. Thus was it when a group of whispering warriors stood beneath a gray arch, southward of Dunluce castle; these were the M'Donalds. A tall figure approached them; he strode rapidly, and was silent till in their midst; he was their chieftain.

"Haste, haste, and get ye to your curraghs; already known is the dark deed ye contemplate; already are the axes of the M'Quillans thirsting for the blood of those who would be their murderers; haste, haste, death and delay are wedded."

The sun arose on the fair child of a fearful night, a calm and glorious morning. At Ruthlin the waves slept—if there they ever sleep—and strewn on their green bosoms were the fragments of many curraghs; nevertheless, the M'Donalds have not perished. A lonely and desolate isle, in those days was Ruthlin. Two years before, of man and habitation had it been swept by General Morris; here are the soldiers of Cantyre, the lone out-livers of the midnight tempest. Long and bitterly mourned the clansmen of M'Donald; long and wistfully they looked from the tall and craggy towers of the island-prison for the coming of a friend, or the passing of a foeman. The soul of Ely loathed the horrid food of Ruthlin; it was the flesh of a few shaggy palfreys that had seen the massacre of their masters, that had grown wild and fleet in the freedom of desolation, and sleek upon the rich green morsels gleaned from the desecrated hearths—from amongst the altars, from amongst the bleached and unburied bones of their slaughtered possessors. Sad sights, and sad thoughts, were these to Ely; she yearned, moreover, to be-

hold her children; they were in Dunluce—and her heart sickened when she thought upon her father. She looked upon the past; and with the keen eye of a discriminating spirit, she pierced the mazes of the future; traced effects to causes; and to herself the extinction of her name, when she turned in imagination to the kinsmen of her lord. These were too much for the child of M'Quillan; the limbs grew feeble, the heart weak, and the spirit sank; and then began it to strive and struggle with the body for separation; Ely M'Quillan was dying; oh, for the last kiss—the last embrace of a father!

"Comfort thy soul, my Ely," said M'Donald. "Past are the equinoctial hurricanes; soon shall we have succor; for the sea-boats of the isles rest not where the waters slumber."

Three days more on the gray rocks of Ruthlin lay the withering Ely; the fourth morning came, and fair as the opening of the seventh heaven was that morning in its coming. There were tears in Ruthlin, but not on the cheeks of Ely. She slept; the rough warriors knelt—they were praying for the departed spirit of their chieftain's lady. The winds continue sleeping; evening comes, and there are curraghs upon the ocean; like creatures of the deep, they shoot along its surface. Cantyre grows dim behind them; the moon rises, and they are in Ruthlin.

"Take me to my Ely," said the M'Quillan, rushing from the foremost boat, and to his girdle in the waters; "take me to my child. Oh, my heart, my heart!—lay her cheek upon my bosom, that my grief may be forgotten; let me hear the voice of Ely, that my soul may cease to remember its agony!"

In a low curragh two evenings previous, had M'Quillan gone secretly to Cantyre, to learn tidings of his daughter; for though he feared neither taunt nor clansman, he would not provoke the ire nor arouse the suspicions of either. He saw the covetous spirit of the islesmen, loathed it, and dreaded it; but Ely was his child, and through the caverns of the deep, or the burning chambers of Knock-ladye would the gray-haired father have sought her. Short had been his stay in Cantyre, for thus said they there—

"If they live—if they be not in the waters, they are in Ruthlin."

"Ely sleeps, my father," said the M'Donald; "rest thee till morning, and thou shalt behold her."

But he wept as he looked upon the old man; therefore the latter perceived there was a mystery.

"Take me—take me to my child! living or dead, in the earth or in the ocean, let me embrace her!"

And the wan old man sank upon his knees; his hands were clasped and his eyes were fixed upon heaven, and with the agony of his soul, his thin white features quivered like running waters beneath the moon-beams, He saw his Ely, and gazed upon her calmly—then wildly, and then he knelt beside her; he drew her to his bosom—it was a short embrace; again he gazed upon her. again was she upon his bosom. That was a calm and long clasp; there was no convulsion of grief—no groan—no sigh; all was peace and silence.

"Arise, my father," said the M'Donald; "thy soul can bear no further."

Alas! his soul had ceased to bear: it was with that of Ely. Thus passed the M'Quillan and his daughter; many and sincere were the mourners; but where they ceased to live, there were they buried. What curragh might dare to bring them thence? None: for even to this hour the waves of Ruthlin suffer no corpse to cross them. Years passed; unmarked was the grave of Ely, unsung was the death of M'Quillan; the first became unknown, and the twain forgotten. But the fair pastures of Dunluce—ah! these were well remembered. The leader of his sept became Burg Oge* M'Quillan. Youth was his truly, a fleet limb, and a strong arm; also a generous heart, but a weak head; he and the islesmen prevailed alternately. Then came the year 1584 and Sir John Perrot; the latter besieged Dunluce, and the former gave it to the crown. M'Quillan was humbled, but still an Irish chief he was on his native earth; so was Dunluce, and around the twain were the spears of a hundred clansmen. Ah! the forgotten lay of the forgotten minstrel! where were the M'Donalds? They were in the Rowte—they were in the glens—they were here, and they were there, warring with the M'Quillans—warring with Dunluce, now beating and then being beaten: it was a long, long and bloody

* Oge—*Anglicè*, young.

warfare. A king came upon the throne of England, a king that loved the M'Donald—it was James of Scotland. Then were buried the spear and axe; then sat M'Donald in Dunluce; then perished the M'Quillan; then was remembered the lay of the minstrel; and men, bowing to heaven, whispered—"It was a Prophecy!"

[We find this thoroughly American ballad in the "Lady's Companion" of London.]

MARTHA HOPKINS.

A BALLAD OF INDIANA.

"From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stands
there making pies,
Southward looks along the turnpike, with her
hand above her eyes;
Where along the distant hill-side her yearling
heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of
weeds.

"All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any
school,
And boys, with turned-up pantaloons, are wading
in the pool;
Blithely frisk unnumber'd chickens, cackling, for
they cannot laugh;
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps
the little calf.

"Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins! tell me, where-
fore do ye gaze
On the ground that's being furrow'd for the plant-
ing of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced
the turnpike way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brick-yard,
with its clay?

"Ah! the dogwood-tree may blossom, and the
door-yard green may shine
With the tears of amber dropping from the wash-
ing on the line;
And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush
her freckled cheek—
Little recketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of
Spring they speak.

"When the Summer's burning solstice on the
scanty harvest glow'd,
She had watch'd a man on horseback riding
down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking back-
ward quite forlorn,
Till amid the trees she lost him in the shadow of
the barn.

"Ere the supper-time was over, he had pass'd
the kiln of brick,
Cross'd the rushing yellow river, and had forded
quite a creek,
And his flat-boat load was taken, at the time, for
pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at
New Orleans.

"Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in
her hand the pans,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems ex-
actly like a man's;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, not a door be-
hind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of his letting
down the bars.

"Often sees she men on horseback, coming down
the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see
it well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel
horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure, with his head down
like a sheep's.

"She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his
home-made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woollen, such as
farmers wear out West;
By the color of his trowsers, and the saddle,
which was spread
With a blanket, which was taken for that purpose
from the bed.

"None like he the yoke of hickory on the unbroken
steer can throw,
None amid his father's corn-fields use like him
the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings, few indeed the men
are seen
That can dance with him the polka, touch with
him the violin.

"He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks
she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be that he meant to
keep his vow,
When the buckeye-tree has blossom'd, and your
uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in the wedding
morn?

"He has pictured his relations, and her Sunday hat
and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll
spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle, and what com-
fort it will give
To sit down to the first breakfast, in the cabin
where they'll live.

"Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins! what has got
you in such a scrape?
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the ruffle of her
cape;
Ah! the eye of love may brighten, to be certain
what it sees,
One man looks much like another, when half-
hidden by the trees.

"But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets the pies and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the corner of the shed;
Now tie on another apron, get the comb and smooth your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's self that's there!"

From the London "Examiner."

THE "STONES OF VENICE."*

Mr. Ruskin remarks very truly, in his preface to this book, that most men have at some period of their lives something of a personal interest in architecture. "Men may live without pictures or statues; but in architecture, all must in some way commit themselves." They must do mischief, if they are not able to do good; and waste their money, if they don't know how to turn it to account. And believing it intended, therefore, that all of us should have knowledge and act upon our knowledge, in matters with which we are daily concerned, and not be left to the caprice of architects or the mercy of contractors, Mr. Ruskin has been at great pains, in this and a former work, to lay down certain principles and canons of judgment in language intelligible to the least learned, and easy to the most desultory readers, which may enable every man to form conclusions for himself on the subjects in hand. In the volume before us, the "Stones of Venice" can hardly be said to enter the scene. What Mr. Ruskin has to say about the actual structures is to fill a later volume; in which, though he does not promise us any practical application of his principles to the forms and needs of modern buildings, he proposes to illustrate canons which he holds to be universal "from the remains of a city which should surely be interesting to the men of London, as affording the richest existing examples of architecture raised by a mercantile community, for civil uses, and domestic magnificence."

This intimation of what Mr. Ruskin intends by his book takes it out of the scope of ordinary "practical treatises" by taking in a range of practice as yet too wide for professional handling. The author can only hope to reach the architect through the public who employ him. Mr. Ruskin is a reformer too bitter and unsparing in censure, too contemptuous of recognized authority, and has vastly too much reason on his side, to win the ear of the regular practitioner till the abused patient better understands what advantage has been taken of his ignorance and indifference. When the various perpetrators of metropolitan architectural atrocities are obliged at last to come to Mr. Ruskin, they will find him the most practical of men; but it is likely that they will keep their present convenient distance for some time longer, laughing as loudly as they may at his occasional transcendentalism of speech. We shrewdly suspect, however, that the days are coming when even in this matter long-suffering will have its end. It used to be thought that one architect would have to be hanged before any good could be got out of the class. But seeing the great many that Mr. Ruskin has gibbeted in his book, let us hope that this may suffice. The public have the question put to them at last. Mr. Ruskin speaks plainly; and according to the impression he makes, and the support he receives, have we a hope that taste may again revive in a department of art, where, more than in any other, its absence is offensive and injurious.

Under the title of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Mr. Ruskin formerly explained the cardinal laws of observance and obedience to which all who would be true architects must submit themselves. By the lamps he intended, as it were, the lights by which the architect should work. There was the lamp of truth to teach the rejection of all tawdry substitutes for real beauty, and all deceptive appearances of a richness of material or costly expenditure of labor, beyond the means of the constructor. There was the lamp of power to show that steadfastness and endurability must be essential elements in architectural grandeur. There was the lamp of beauty exhibiting the real incoherence of all form and color (no matter how apparently lovely) consisting of excessive ornament not in harmony with the purpose and design of a building. The same feeling was carried through the other divisions of the theme. If an architect adopted suggestions of form and combination from

* The stones of venice. By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

others, if he placed himself modestly under the guidance of historical precedent, he was yet to have that vitality of original spirit which should save him from mere imitation, and enable him to conform to the requirements and habits of the society existing around him.

The same principles are explained in detail in the book before us, which contains Mr. Ruskin's doctrine and theory of the elements of architecture applied to the various points of practical building. Throughout is manifest the great aim of inculcating, by every possible form of precept and example, the absolute necessity of preserving an unfailing correspondence between the destination of buildings and their forms and decorations. Nothing is to be tawdry, every thing to be true. Mr. Carlyle is not a more resolute denouncer of shams than Mr. Ruskin. Truth before all things is his perpetual evangel. And whatever the effect of his writing may be in other respects, we are quite sure that Mr. Ruskin's books cannot be read by any one without improvement to his moral sense and mental discipline.

The conscientiousness which Mr. Ruskin would teach others, we must not forget to say that he has himself practised. Finding, on his arrival in Venice two years ago, that the Venetian antiquaries were not agreed within a century as to the dates of the buildings in the early city, and that such dates were only to be determined by internal evidence, he underwent the labor of examining not only every one of the older palaces, stone by stone, but every fragment throughout the city which afforded any clue to the formation of its styles. The description of every building in his volume is thus based on personal examination and measurement of it; and Mr. Ruskin pledges himself to the "resolute veracity" of its account of whatever facts came within his own cognizance. Whatever the estimate of its theories may be, then, (and this will differ widely, with the tastes or interests addressed,) the book has yet an indestructible value apart from these. It tells us the truth on much where it greatly imports us to be informed.

But the reader will be anxious to hear Mr. Ruskin speak, nor can we exhibit the general interest of his book by a more characteristic passage than that in which he describes the tomb of the doge Tomaso Mocenigo, which is one of the last specimens of the old art, (Mr. Ruskin's admiration,) side by side with that of the doge Andrea Vendramin, which is one of the earliest specimens of the *renaissance*, (Mr. Ruskin's abomination.)

"The tomb of that doge is, as I said, wrought by a Florentine; but it is of the same general type and feeling as all the Venetian tombs of the period, and it is one of the last which retains it. The classical element enters largely into its details, but the feeling of the whole is as yet unaffected. Like all the lovely tombs of Venice and Verona, it is a sarcophagus with a recumbent figure above, and this figure is a faithful but tender portrait, wrought as far as it can be without painfulness, of the doge as he lay in death. He wears his ducal robe and bonnet—his head is laid slightly aside upon his pillow—his hands are simply crossed as they fall. The face is emaciated, the features large, but so pure and lordly in their natural chiselling, that they must have looked like marble even in their animation. They are deeply worn away by thought and death; the veins on the temples branched and starting; the skin gathered in sharp folds; the brow high-arched and shaggy; the eyeball magnificently large; the curve of the lips just veiled by the light mustache at the side; the beard short, double, and sharp-pointed: all noble and quiet; the white sepulchral dust marking like light the stern angles of the cheek and brow.

"This tomb was sculptured in 1424, and is thus described by one of the most intelligent of the recent writers who represent the popular feeling respecting Venetian art.

"'Of the Italian school is also the rich but ugly (*ricco ma non bel*) sarcophagus in which repose the ashes of Tomaso Mocenigo. It may be called one of the last limbs which connect the declining art of the Middle ages with that of the Renaissance, which was in its rise. We will not stay to particularize the defects of each of the seven figures of the front and sides, which represent the cardinal and theological virtues; nor will we make any remarks upon those which stand in the niches above the pavilion, because we consider them unworthy both of the age and reputation of the Florentine school, which was then with reason considered the most notable in Italy.'

"It is well, indeed, not to pause over these defects; but it might have been better to have paused a moment beside that noble image of a king's mortality.

"In the choir of the same church, St. Giov. and Paolo, is another tomb, that of the doge Andrea Vendramin. This doge died in 1478, after a short reign of two years, the most disastrous in the annals of Venice. He died of a pestilence which followed the ravage of

the Turks, carried to the shores of the lagoons. He died, leaving Venice disgraced by sea and land, with the smoke of hostile devastation rising in the blue distances of Friuli; and there was raised to him the most costly tomb ever bestowed on her monarchs.

"If the writer above quoted was cold beside the statue of one of the fathers of his country, he atones for it by his eloquence beside the tomb of the Vendramin. . . It is unanimously declared the chef d'œuvre of Renaissance sepulchral work, and pronounced by Cicognara, (also quoted by Selvatico,)

"'Il vertice a cui l' arti Veneziane si spinsero col ministero del scalpello,'—'The very culminating point to which the Venetian arts attained by ministry of the chisel.'

"To this culminating point, therefore, covered with dust and cobwebs, I attained, as I did to every tomb of importance in Venice, by the ministry of such ancient ladders as were to be found in the sacristan's keeping. I was struck at first by the excessive awkwardness and want of feeling in the fall of the hand towards the spectator, for it is thrown off the middle of the body in order to show its fine cutting. Now the Mocenigo hand, severe and even stiff in its articulations, has its veins finely drawn, its sculptor having justly felt that the delicacy of the veining expresses alike dignity and age and birth. The Vendramin hand is far more laboriously cut, but its blunt and clumsy contour at once makes us feel that all the care has been thrown away; and well it may be, for it has been entirely bestowed in cutting gouty wrinkles about the joints. Such as the hand is, I looked for its fellow. At first I thought it had been broken off, but, on clearing away the dust, I saw the wretched effigy had only *one* hand, and was a mere block on the inner side. The face, heavy and disagreeable in its features, is made monstrous by its semi-sculpture. One side of the forehead is wrinkled elaborately, the other left smooth; one side only of the doge's cap is chased; one cheek only is finished, and the other blocked out and distorted besides; finally, the ermine robe, which is elaborately imitated to its utmost lock of hair and of ground hair on the one side, is blocked out only on the other; it having been supposed throughout the work that the effigy was only to be seen from below, and from one side.

"It was, indeed, to be so seen by nearly every one; and I do not blame—I should, on the contrary, have praised—the sculptor for regulating his treatment of it by its position; if that treatment had not involved, first, dishonesty, in giving only half a face, a monstrous mask, when we demanded true portraiture of the dead; and, secondly, such utter coldness of feeling, as could only consist with an extreme of intellectual and moral degradation: Who, with a heart in his breast, could have stayed his hand as he drew the dim lines of the old man's countenance—unmajestic once, indeed, but at least sanctified by the solemnities of death—could have stayed his hand, as he reached the bend of the gray forehead, and measured out the last veins of it at so much the zecchin?

"I do not think the reader, if he has feeling, will expect that much talent should be shown in the rest of his work, by the sculptor of this base and senseless lie. The whole monument is one wearisome aggregation of that species of ornamental flourish, which, when it is done with a pen, is called penmanship, and when done with a chisel, should be called chiselmanship; the subject of it being chiefly fat-limbed boys sprawling on dolphins, dolphins incapable of swimming, and dragged along the sea by expanded pocket-handkerchiefs.

"But now, reader, comes the very gist and point of the whole matter. This lying monument to a dishonored doge, this culminating pride of the Renaissance art of Venice, is at least veracious, if in nothing else, in its testimony to the character of its sculptor. *He was banished from Venice for forgery* in 1487."

This connection of the moral sense with intellectual effort is never lost sight of throughout the volume.

How admirably said is this—

"Consider first, therefore, what you mean when you say a building is well constructed or well-built; you do not merely mean that it answers its purpose,—this is much, and many modern buildings fail of this much; but if it be verily well-built, it must answer this purpose in the simplest way, and with no over-expenditure of means. We require of a light-house, for instance, that it shall stand firm and carry a light; if it do not this, assuredly it has been ill-built; but it may do it to the end of time, and yet be not well-built. It may have hundreds of tons of stone in it more than were needed, and have cost thousands of pounds more than it ought. To pronounce it well or ill-built, we must know the utmost forces it can have to resist, and the best arrangements of stone for encountering them, and the quickest ways of effecting such arrangements: then only, so far as such arrangements have been chosen, and such methods used, is it well-built. Then the knowledge of all difficulties to be met, and of all means of meeting them, and the quick and true fancy or invention of the modes of applying the means to the end, are what we have to admire in the builder, even as he is seen through this first or inferior part of his work. Mental power, observe: not muscular, nor mechanical, nor technical, nor empirical,—pure, precious,

majestic, massy intellect; not to be had at vulgar price, nor received without thanks, and without asking from whom."

The last allusion is to the curious fact, which Mr. Ruskin elsewhere notices, that we rarely ask for a builder's name, though in no art is there closer connection between our delight in the work, and our admiration of the workman's mind, than in architecture. "The patron at whose cost, the monk through whose dreaming, the foundation was laid, we remember occasionally; never the man who verily did the work."

We must take another passage, in the same spirit as the last. Mr. Ruskin is speaking of the spirit of indifferentism, fatal to architecture as to every thing.

"If a man is cold in his likings and dislikings, or if he will not tell you what he likes, you can make nothing of him. Only get him to feel quickly and to speak plainly, and you may set him right. And the fact is, that the great evil of all recent architectural effort has not been that men liked wrong things; but that they either cared nothing about any, or pretended to like what they did not. Do you suppose that any modern architect likes what he builds, or enjoys it? Not in the least. He builds it because he has been told that such and such things are fine, and that he *should* like them. He pretends to like them, and gives them a false relish of vanity. Do you seriously imagine, reader, that any living soul in London likes triglyphs?—or gets any hearty enjoyment out of pediments? You are much mistaken. Greeks did: English people never did,—never will. Do you fancy that the architect of old Burlington Mews, in Regent-street, had any particular satisfaction in putting the blank triangle over the archway, instead of a useful garret window? By no manner of means. He had been told it was right to do so, and thought he should be admired for doing it. Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice: they are almost always hypocrisies.

"So, then, the first thing we have to ask for the decoration is that it should indicate strong liking, and that honestly. It matters not so much what the thing is, as that the builder should really love it and enjoy it, and say so plainly. The architect of Bourges Cathedral liked hawthorns; so he has covered his porch with hawthorn,—it is a perfect Niobe of May. Never was such hawthorn; you would try to gather it forthwith, but for fear of being pricked. The old Lombard architects liked hunting: so they covered their work with horses and hounds, and men blowing trumpets two yards long. The base Renaissance architects of Venice liked masquing and fiddling; so they covered their work with comic masks and musical instruments. Even that was better than our English way of liking nothing, and professing to like triglyphs."

The eloquence of the book is extraordinary. It contains passages of sustained power and splendor which remind us of the gorgeous and heaped-up sentences of our best old divines. It is difficult to exhibit in our confined space this wealth of illustration; but what we now quote from his remarks on the adaptation to distances (in the chapter on the treatment of ornament) will show what we mean.

"Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay, not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They were meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast whence human souls have communion with it by their myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon—dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and, as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life, shallowed upon the vast aërial shore, is at last met by the Eternal 'Here shall thy waves be stayed,' the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

"Nor in such instances as these alone, though, strangely enough, the discrepancy between apparent and actual beauty is greater in proportion to the unapproachableness of the object, is the law observed. For every distance from the eye there is a peculiar kind of beauty, or a different system of lines of form; the sight of that beauty is reserved for that distance, and for that alone. If you approach nearer, that kind of beauty is lost, and another succeeds, to be disorganized and reduced to strange and incomprehensible means and appliances in its turn. If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky

mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All is there disorder and accident, or seems so; sudden starts of its shattered beds hither and thither; ugly struggles of unexpected strength from under the ground; fallen fragments, toppling one over another into more helpless fall. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, as you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance, behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass; line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group, the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies; new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible, one by one, and far away answers of foot to foot, and of bone to bone, until the powerless chaos is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap could now be spared from the mystic whole.

"Now it is indeed true that where nature loses one kind of beauty, as you approach it, she substitutes another; this is worthy of her infinite power: and, as we shall see, art can sometimes follow her even in doing this; but all I insist upon at present is, that the several effects of nature are each worked with means referred to a particular distance, and producing their effect at that distance only. Take a singular and marked instance: When the sun rises behind a ridge of pines, and those pines are seen from a distance of a mile or two, against his light, the whole form of the tree, trunk, branches, and all, becomes one frostwork of intensely brilliant silver, which is relieved against the clear sky like a burning fringe, for some distance on either side of the sun. Now suppose that a person who had never seen pines were, for the first time in his life, to see them under this strange aspect, and, reasoning as to the means by which such effect could be produced, laboriously to approach the eastern ridge, how would he be amazed to find that the fiery spectres had been produced by trees with swarthy and gray trunks, and dark green leaves! We, in our simplicity, if we had been required to produce such an appearance, should have built up trees of chased silver, with trunks of glass, and then been grievously amazed to find that, at two miles off, neither silver nor glass were any more visible; but nature knew better, and prepared for her fairy work with the strong branches and dark leaves, in her own mysterious way."

Here is another fine burst:

"Have no fear, therefore, reader, in judging between nature and art, so only that you love both. If you can love one only, then let it be nature; you are safe with her: but do not then attempt to judge the art, to which you do not care to give thought or time. But if you love both, you may judge between them fearlessly; you may estimate the last, by its making you remember the first, and giving you the same kind of joy. If, in the square of the city, you can find a delight, finite, indeed, but pure and intense, like that which you have in a valley among the hills, then its art and architecture are right; but if, after fair trial, you can find no delight in them, nor any instruction like that of nature, I call on you fearlessly to condemn them.

"We are forced, for the sake of accumulating our power and knowledge, to live in cities; but such advantages as we have in association with each other is in great part counterbalanced by our loss of fellowship with nature. We cannot all have our gardens now, nor our pleasant fields to meditate in at eventide. Then the function of our architecture is, as far as may be, to replace these; to tell us about nature; to possess us with memories of her quietness; to be solemn and full of tenderness, like her, and rich in portraitures of her; full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no more gather, and of the living creatures now far away from us in their own solitude. If ever you felt or found this in a London street,—if ever it furnished you with one serious thought, or one ray of true and gentle pleasure,—if there is in your heart a true delight in its grim railings and dark casements, and wasteful finery of shops, and feeble coxcombry of clubhouses,—it is well: promote the building of more like them. But if they never taught you any thing, and never made you happier as you passed beneath them, do not think they have any mysterious goodness nor occult sublimity. Have done with the wretched affectation, the futile barbarism, of pretending to enjoy: for, as surely as you know that the meadow grass, meshed with fairy rings, is better than the wood pavement, cut into hexagons; and as surely as you know the fresh winds and sunshine of the upland are better than the choke-damp of the vault, or the gas-light of the ball-room, you may know, as I told you that you should, that the good architecture, which has life, and truth, and joy in it, is better than the bad architecture, which has death, dishonesty, and vexation of heart in it, from the beginning to the end of time."

The occasional resemblance to Mr. Carlyle's writing will here and elsewhere be observed, but it is in the manner of the think ing rather than the turn of expression. There is nothing in it that is merely imitative or second-hand. The writing responds to the thoughts, and both are Mr. Ruskin's own.

Let us add that the originality takes the tone of eccentricity here and there, and that Mr. Ruskin too often invites attack by hasty and ill-considered expressions. Accepting

the test of his own principles, we cannot help thinking his condemnation of the early English and French Gothic too sweeping, and we regret his contemptuous allusions to many time-honored names. But having said this, (and in what professes to be little more than a hasty and imperfect expression of admiration due to an original and very masterly writer, it would not become us to give importance to minor points of objection,) we do not hesitate to express the belief that no book yet published in England has done so much as this volume and its predecessor in the way of defining and establishing the qualities of architecture so plainly and determinately, as to render buildings really amenable to laws of right reason and ordinary sense. In this respect Mr. Ruskin has conferred an inappreciable service which will sooner or later find acknowledgment. His books are a manly protest against the fopperies of ornament and decoration of which we have lately heard so much, in churches more especially; and to any one desirous of understanding in what way architecture (never so much misunderstood as in this) may indeed connect itself with morality and religion, and be made to subserve the interests of both, we can recommend no study more likely to be profitable than the writings of Mr. Ruskin. They are the highest expression of the Protestantism of art. Dr. Den's Theology bears much the same relation to the Bible as the distorted fripperies enacted by Mr. Pugin to the noble truths enunciated by Mr. Ruskin.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE BLIND GOD.

BY MISS BREMER.

All ages, all peoples, have believed in a special Providence. The heathen believed in favoritism exercised by the gods, in their protecting and favoring certain individuals, to the exclusion of others. It is the privilege of the Christian to believe in the special providence of a paternal God manifested to every child of man, and which sooner or later, during his wanderings through the many mansions of his existence, will clearly be disclosed to him. "God enters by a private door to every individual!" says a modern and most genial writer. So in his heart, so in his house, or outward world. And though that divine visitation does, for many persons, not take place during their stay on earth, there are several instances in which it is so clearly seen, even here, that we cannot help exclaiming, "It is the Lord!" Such an instance we would give in the following story of two yet living individuals. And that the blind god is here made the messenger of the seeing one, will not impair his reputation.

The young Charles A—— followed, as physician, with the Swedish army, when that, in the year 1814, with threatening movement entered the valleys of Norway, then resisting the annexation to Sweden resolved upon by the European monarchs at the Congress at Vienna. A dangerous disease of the eyes broke out in the camp. The young and talented physician exerted himself in its cure with as much assiduity as good luck. All the patients recovered, but he himself finally caught the disease, and to him alone it proved fatal. No help would help him. His eyeballs burst, and his sight was lost without remedy. He was about five-and-twenty years of age when he thus was bereft of the light of the day. He was a young man of the highest promise, handsome in person, ardent, aspiring, and gifted with rare faculties for his profession. He was ambitious; and visions of future fame and greatness had, as brilliant stars, beckoned him onward. To be, from these sunny heights, cast down and shut up in the abyss of utter darkness, was a dreadful shock to such a mind. It was to be buried alive. So he felt it. Life was to him a blank, and worse than a blank. His active soul preyed upon itself. And though he grappled sternly with his destiny, bearing without complaint what he must bear, black melancholy seized upon his mind, and made him savage and solitary. He shut himself up from the company of his fellow-creatures and seemed to waste away.

"It must not be so!" said to him, one day, a kind and earnest friend; "it must become otherwise with you! Come, let us go together into the country, among forests and birds and people there, and see if they will not give us a better feeling of life than this close and smoky city. Come, I am going to see my relations in Wirmland, and that is about a hundred miles from here: come with me—be my companion; we will make

friends with nature and men, and forget all our sorrows."

The good friend carried his point, and went off with Charles on his journey. On the second day after their departure, they stopped at a little country town to change their horses. "Wait for me here, a moment," said Charles's friend to him, after having led him up into a room at the tavern. "I must call on an acquaintance of mine here, but I will be back within half an hour, and we will proceed on our journey." He went away, and Charles waited half an hour, and then another, and yet another half hour, and still the friend did not come back. Impatient and anxious, the blind young man began to walk about the house, feeling his way with his stick. He found his way out in the vestry, and, hearing light footsteps on the staircase, he called out, asking who was there.

"Who is it that calls?" answered a young female voice.

The blind man named himself, his condition, his friend, and his anxiety about him.

"Charles A——!" repeated the voice: "oh, then, you are my cousin, and I have heard of you, and, I dare say, you of me and my family, though we have never seen one another. My name is Maria W——. My father and myself are on our way home to our country-place, in the vicinity of this town, after a journey of some weeks. Permit me to lead you to my father's room, while we will make inquiries for your friend."

Charles's hand was clasped by that of Maria, and he was led by her to her father.

Inquiries were made for the friend, which brought back the melancholy tidings that he had, in the street, been seized by an attack of apoplexy, taken into an apothecary's shop, and expired an hour afterwards without recovering his senses.

Maria and her father took Charles with them to their home in the country. Maria felt as if a brother was given unto her, whom she ought to comfort and care for. Her whole woman's heart was moved for the solitary sufferer. She led him about in the forests, on the green meadows around her home. She made him feel the fresh, sweet, perfumed air; made him smell the flowers of the field, listen to the birds and singing brooks. It was spring then, and the birch-wood, putting forth its leaves, filled the air with fragrance. The skylark, that wonderful bird, circling in the azure sky, made the space ring with song; and every little rivulet in the fields warbled joyously, winding its way through mosses and grasses. Charles and Maria wandered hand in hand in that beautiful and expanding nature, as two beautiful and happy spirits. Then they were happy there, in the company of one another. Charles awakened to new life. Near Maria, he felt as if he saw the green fields, the sunshine, the blue sky, that she saw. His sense of smell, his feelings, his ear opened with delight to the fragrance, the winds, the sounds which surrounded him, like loving, ministering spirits. And the lovely girl, his faithful companion, shared and heightened still more every happy feeling. She brought to him the flowers, the grasses and mosses, and described them to him. He told her their names, their qualities, their life; told her much of the great, mysterious life in nature. In the evenings, she read to him, or he played to her on the piano; and that talent, which he had early acquired, developed itself at once with a power and beauty which was a surprise as well as delight to himself. The harmonies of life, of creation, which now dawned upon his soul, were embodied in his music, and his soul seemed to raise and expand on its wings. Even his intellectual powers acquired new strength, and thoughts and words came to him which made him a poet. His health, his strength, came again:—he was again, though deprived of his eyes, the handsome Charles A——.

So passed a year. Then came a crash, which threatened to destroy the innocent happiness of the two lovers,—for lovers they were, though they had never said it, nor thought of it. Maria's father died, and his creditors seized upon his fortune. All debts being paid, nothing remained for his only child but a small annuity, scarcely enough for her support.

"What shall we now do!" said Charles; and with a smile, which only served more to set off the deep melancholy of his feeling, he added: "I can only play for you!"

"And I shall work for you!" exclaimed Maria with sudden inspiration, and with cheerful firmness she went on: "Charles, we must not part. I shall work for you, for us both. I can—I will! When I was

very young, I used to make dolls, representing our peasantry in different provinces, in their provincial costumes, and other toys for children, and had them sold at the fairs, to procure me some needle-money beyond what my father allowed me, and it was astonishing how much I made by it. Now, I will again take up the play of my childish years, and make earnest of it. And I have the feeling that I shall succeed, and by that means get a livelihood for us both. Then we must not part."

"Maria, my sweet companion, my dear Maria, how good and noble you are! But I cannot consent. No! I cannot be so selfish. You must not, in the bloom of your life, be chained to the destiny of a blind man; indeed you must not. Ah! if I was not poor, or if I was a man that could support you, do something for you, oh, then, how blessed should I be with you! But now, infirm, unable—"

"Be still, Charles! Speak not so. You know better. You say I must not. Charles, you know I must. You must feel that, separated from you, I never more could be happy: that life would be worthless to me, if I cannot devote it to you, serve you, love you! Oh, yes, Charles, now I may say it, for I know it is so. I love you, and must always love you! And can you do nothing for me, Charles? Cannot you love me—that I know you do—and be happy with me? and cannot you talk to me and play to me as nobody else can? Oh, Charles! since *I* am with you, a new being has awakened within me. The whole world seems changed; it has become more wide, more beautiful; life seems ennobled. When I hear your music, all mysteries in heaven and earth seem disclosed to me; all care seems so little, all goodness so great, and every discord of life is solved in harmony. And is that nothing, to impart such life, such delight? Ah! say rather that it is nothing that I can do for you. I can work for you;—yes, and cherish you, and lead you as your servant or your dog. But gladly will I take up my humbler part, and thank Him that has appointed it to me. Charles, let us both thank him and obey him, for He has given you to me and me to you, as help and joy in life. Do you not feel, do you not know, do you not *see* it, dear?"

He knew, he felt, he saw it all. The light and joy of love dawned upon the blind man. Clasping the dear, inspired girl to his breast, his heart beating against her heart, he looked in her soul, in his own, looked out in futurity, time, eternity, and saw it all lit up as by a rising sun; all was clear and sure. Glistening tears of joy started from his eyes.

"Come!" said he, "come, let us go to the altar!"

They were married. From the altar she led him to their new home, a neat and comfortable little dwelling, provided by one part of their small fortune. There was his piano, and there, in the same room, was her working-desk. There they sat together. How pleasantly she worked away while she was listening to his music! Then came the regular walk, before dinner, in the open air; then the little dinner, always greatly enjoyed. When evening came, Maria reposed from her work, and read to her husband, or wrote what he dictated, thoughts, poetry to her very dear. Often would a friend drop in, take part of their tea, and enliven the hour with news from without, or pleasant talk. So years glided swiftly and peacefully away. Maria succeeded in her plans; her dolls and toys for children enables her to sustain prettily the household. She even could afford now and then to treat her husband with some of the little luxuries of life. His happy smile was the sunshine of her soul.

When I saw them they were old. They were walking under shady trees, arm in arm. It was a summer's day. His hair was silver gray, and fell down in graceful locks; her dress was white;—they looked noble and serene.

"See, that is beautiful!" said my companion, taking off his hat to them. "She is with him always, so gentle and cheerful! They are a happy pair!"—

And he told me the story.

From "The Athenæum."

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

In the excited state of political feeling and the uncertain position of political parties in France at the present time, it is vain to look for the calmness and impartiality which

ought to characterize history and the biography of men distinguished as kings, generals, or statesmen. In the place of history, properly so called, we have party pamphlets —in more or less volumes, as the case may be—and professorial lectures glowing with red or white heat of contemporary passion. Even the most admired, and in some respects most admirable, of the historical works of our near neighbors come within the terms of this description. M. Guizot taught his own political doctrines from the professor's chair years ago,—as Mr. Michelet contends that he has a right to do now. Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years" and Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," works widely different in character, are yet but extended pamphlets, conceived in a fugitive spirit. M. Thiers's "Consulate and Empire" is of the same kind. Frenchmen in our day, with hardly an exception, write history as they write pungent articles for the *Débats* or the *National*. They do not even pretend to any thing like neutrality of position with respect to the objects of daily strife in the world around them. Avowed partisans, advocates, or champions of certain men and certain ideas, they voluntarily decline the judgment-seat,—deny themselves the exercise of their judicial faculties. But though they make bad judges, they are the cleverest of advocates. The manners of the court in which they profess to plead lack the decency and decorum to which we are accustomed in England; but the want of dignity is, in part at least, compensated by additional wit, vivacity, and variety.

M. Michaud's "Life of Louis Philippe"—a thick volume of five hundred pages, going with much detail into the leading events of that prince's career, so as to form a more connected and continuous narrative than has yet been published by friend or foe—is an illustration of these remarks. It is written by a man who knew his hero for many years, served under him in his earlier campaigns as a republican general, and observed at no great distance his subsequent course from exile to a throne and from a throne back to exile. But it is conceived in a bitter and vindictive spirit. M. Michaud allows the unfortunate monarch no single virtue. He tries to connect him with several atrocious deeds,—such as the murder of the Duc de Berri; and insinuates charges against him which are unsupported, so far as we are aware, by any documentary evidence of a trustworthy kind. Detailing much from his own personal recollection, and from that immediate knowledge which though not personal is often admitted in history on the writer's responsibility,—he forgets that in other matters affecting the character of his hero his statements require authentication. Yet with all its faults—and they will appear greater to Englishmen than to Frenchmen generally—this book claims a place in the library of the Revolution, and will have to be referred to by future historians of these times.

M. Michaud avows himself in the preface a partisan of the elder branch of the Bourbon family: and as he expresses his conviction that the members of that family are endowed by nature with a rare combination of amiability, frankness, and generosity, he feels bound to maintain that Louis Philippe is *not* a Bourbon. He adopts and tells the strange story of Marie Stella Petronilla, which made so much noise at one time in the saloons of Paris. The pith of the story is, that Philippe Égalité—whose character, unfortunately, affords no guarantee against the possibility of such an incident—exchanged his infant daughter for the son of a jailer with whom he had formed an acquaintance when travelling in Italy, in order to preserve the family estates from lapsing to the crown for want of heirs male. All the incidents connected with this supposed exchange of infants, and with the events of their after-lives, have the character of romance:—the scene, the chief actors, and the final issues. Our readers shall see what view M. Michaud takes of the transaction:—

"The virtues of the duchess have been pointed to as a refutation of the charge of exchanging children. It has also been alleged that no inducement existed for either the husband or the wife to perpetrate such a crime. We deny not the virtues of that illustrious lady; but who can tell how far her wishes were controlled by her husband? We know that the greater part of their fortune consisted of demesnes, (appanages,) which, failing male issue, of necessity reverted to the crown; and that at this very period the duchess, after having been married four years, had given birth to but one child, and that a daughter still-born. Such was the state of affairs when the princess and her husband set out for Italy, where, under the titles of Count and Countess de Joinville, they spent several months at a village

named Modigliana, situated on the top of the Apennines. Here the duchess proved to be in an interesting situation. The duke, who was fond of mean society, formed an intimacy with a jailer, named Chiappini, whose wife was similarly circumstanced. A bargain was entered into, that if the duchess's offspring should prove a daughter and the jailer's a son, an interchange should be effected. Things turned out according to this anticipation, and the terms of the engagement were mutually fulfilled. The jailer received a large sum of money. His son, born at Modigliana on the 17th of April, 1773, was removed to Paris, and kept concealed till the 6th of October, when the ceremony of private baptism was gone through, as we have already seen; while the duchess's daughter remained in Chiappini's house, and was educated as his own child, under the name of Marie Stella Petronilla, supplies being secretly sent once a year from France. According to the Memoirs of Marie Stella Petronilla, she continued long in this melancholy position, ignorant of her high birth, and very ill-treated by her supposed mother, who loved her not, and lamented that son whose fate was hidden from her. The father had some idea of the truth: but knowing the duke only as Count de Joinville, never dreamed that he was a Prince of the Blood Royal of France. His reputed daughter excelled all his other children in beauty. Every thing, indeed, about her indicated that she was of different blood. Her wit and precocity astonished every one. Before she had completed her seventeenth year she so captivated Lord Newburgh, a British nobleman, then travelling in Italy, that he made her his wife almost against her inclination, and conducted her to a home of splendor and magnificence on the banks of the Thames. By this marriage she had several children, one of whom is now an English Peer. On the death of Lord Newburgh she succeeded to a handsome jointure, but of this she afterwards forfeited a great part on her marriage with a Russian nobleman, the Baron de Sternberg. With him she lived for several years in great style in St. Petersburgh. A son was there born to her, who, while yet young, accompanied her to Italy before the death of Chiappini, whom she still regarded as her father. This man before his death addressed a letter to her, which altered her whole destiny and troubled the remainder of her days."

This letter, supposing it to be real, revealed to the Baroness de Sternberg the secret of her birth. It ran as follows:—

"My Lady,—I am near the term of my earthly existence, and now, for the first time, unfold the following secret, which very intimately concerns you. On the day that you were born my wife gave birth to a son. Your mother, who is long dead, was a stranger to me. A proposal to exchange my boy for you was laid before me, and after repeated solicitations I was prevailed on to consult my worldly interests, for the terms were highly advantageous. You became a member of my family, while my son was received into that of the other party. Heaven, I perceive, has made up for my faults;—you have been raised to a condition superior to your father's, though his rank also was noble; and therefore I leave the world with some peace of mind. Keep this by you, as a testimony that I was not altogether deaf to the voice of conscience. In entreating you to pardon my crime, I beseech you to conceal it from mankind, that the world may never know what is now incapable of remedy. This letter will be forwarded to you after my death.

"(Signed) LAURENT CHIAPPINI."

This epistle was forwarded to her by the sons of Chiappini:—though it is said they kept back some papers which might have been of great use to her in recovering the lost traces of her parentage. "Words," says M. Michaud, "can hardly express the effect produced by such a discovery on the mind of Marie Stella,"—

"Gifted with great energy and lofty sentiments, she passed at once from a position which had been excessively humiliating to a higher rank. Not a jailer, but a great lord is her father. But who is the great lord? Impatient to fathom this mystery—unwilling to believe with the jailer that the past evil admitted of no remedy, she made inquiries and sought evidence in every quarter. Her efforts procured her the knowledge that her father was the Count de Joinville, a French nobleman, whose rank and fortune she was ignorant of. To learn all the truth on the subject, she set out in the beginning of the year 1823 for France, accompanied by her youngest child, Edward, son of Baron Sternberg. She found her way to the village of Joinville, of which her father had held the lordship. Here she learned that Joinville had been part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans, and that the duke, who perished on the scaffold in 1793, had sometimes travelled under that title. She next visited Paris, and there made several vain efforts to reach him who had succeeded to the title and the wealth of that powerful family. She consulted many men of business, and became the dupe of sharpers and police officers, who received much money from her by way of payment, and robbed her of a good deal more. When her means failed she had recourse to an artifice, which, considering her position and difficulties, was certainly very excusable. She made known through the public journals,

that the Baroness de Sternberg was in the possession of a secret in which the heirs of the Count de Joinville were much interested. Louis Philippe was not long in hearing of this; his covetous disposition already rejoiced in the hope of some addition to his immense possessions. He accordingly communicated with the baroness through his natural uncle, the old Abbé of St. Phar, who thought that possibly he too might derive some worldly benefit from the adventure; but when the royal duke and his associate found that the secret referred to restitution, and not augmentation, the gates of the Palais Royal were hermetically closed against the Baroness. She made great efforts, but as she was a stranger in Paris, and all her motions were watched by the police, then nothing better than the slaves of Louis Philippe, she became once more the prey of those designing men with whom Paris swarms, who were probably the agents of him whose interest it was above all to overthrow her pretensions. A distinguished writer, whose name she does not give, but whom, from her description, we readily identify, vainly endeavored to make interest for her with the Duchess of Angoulême. After being duped and plundered thus, she was obliged to return and renew her research in Italy. She returned from Italy after an absence of several months armed with fresh and important evidence, and above all with a judgment pronounced by the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of Faenza, on the 29th of May, 1824, which fixed her rank, and proved that she was not Chiappini's but the Count de Joinville's daughter. * * When we know that the Duke of Orleans was the only Frenchman who could then bear the designation of the Count de Joinville, and that at the very period in question he really was travelling with his duchess, this evidence seems sufficient to settle the question."

The additional evidence did not "settle the question" so far as poor Marie Stella was concerned. Her story reads like a romance to the end of the chapter. M. Michaud continues:

"Armed with this, and other important pieces of evidence, the baroness set to work again, hopeful and confident; but, unfortunately, she could not find one honest man in Paris to direct her. She fell once more into the snares of the crafty, and spent her money to no purpose. Pecuniary temptations were presented to her in the most insidious manner by Louis Philippe's agents, but she resisted all with a pride truly worthy of royalty. Convinced that she was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, nothing short of a full recognition of her rights as such would satisfy her. Her stature, mien, and manners, even her voice, testified to this distinguished origin. All impartial men listened with admiration to her forcible assertion of her claims. It was scarcely possible to listen without being persuaded of their justice. She bore a striking resemblance to Madame Adelaide, the duke's sister, while the features of the latter vividly recalled to her her reputed father, the jailer. It is even said, that, on one occasion, when she conducted her youthful son Edward to the picture gallery, the child, on observing a portrait of Louis Philippe, cried several times, Papa Chiappini! Papa Chiappini! The baroness was vexed by this incident. The police who were ever on her track, who did all in their power to prevent the circulation of her memoirs, threatened her repeatedly with imprisonment. It is a strange fact that Louis XVIII. and Charles X. not only consented to, but originated, all those manœuvres against the baroness. Those princes seemed then to repose entire confidence in him whom they regarded as their cousin, though that individual was ceaselessly engaged in schemes which compassed their destruction. The fall of the elder Bourbons and the succession of Louis Philippe to his *good cousins*, rendered the baroness's position more than ever difficult. She was more than once desired to return to England. The intervention of the ambassador shielded her from persecution; but she was now alone. The Baron de Sternberg had conducted her favorite son Edward to Russia, so that her courage and consciousness of the justice of her claim formed her only protection against the spies that surrounded her. Her memoirs having been seized and tribunals of justice closed against her by the ruling powers, whose tools they then were, they ended by pronouncing her mad; the only pretext for this calumny being a peculiar fancy which she had for feeding some birds which flew to her windows from the gardens of the Tuileries. We know, however, on irrefragable testimony, that to the last she retained full possession of her reasoning faculties. She never abandoned her claims, but always subscribed herself Baroness de Sternberg, born Joinville. During the last five years of her life, a fear of being arrested in the street caused her to confine herself to her own house, where she knew she was safe through the protection of the English ambassador. On the night before her death, in 1845, happening to hear the cannon announce the opening of the chambers, she called for the public journal that she might read the speech of *that brigand*. She never spoke again."

It is a very curious feature of the time—contrasting strangely with the clear publicity to which every event in high places seems devoted through the agency of the press—that family doubts and difficulties lie in the way of all the royal dynasties in

France. M. Michaud appears to consider the present Orleans family as not Bourbons on the male side,—doubts have been often expressed as to the legitimacy of Louis Napoleon—and the Count de Richemont claims the crown as prior in blood to the Duc de Bordeaux. Thus, the Republic has not only three royal lines to face, but in each line there are claims and counter-claims to settle.

Through the subsequent career of the hero whom M. Michaud considers that he has "proved" to have been an "imposition" from his birth, we have no intention of following the new biographer. Some of our readers will no doubt be interested in this book. Whether a Bourbon or a Chiappini, the life of Louis Philippe was one of the most varied and romantic in history. Could we have the story told without prejudice or passion, it might be one of the most instructive on record. But this, for the present at least, is not to be expected. Enemies will continue to deny him every merit—partisans will unduly exalt his virtues—so long as the suffrages of France are supposed to be pending between rival claimants for the permanent succession to the throne.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

LINKS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

In our most ordinary conversations and familiar dialogues we frequently make use of phrases which, though apparently having no peculiar signification, are, in reality, fraught with deep meaning, at least to the reflecting. There is in the mind of almost every one a tendency to look backward, and dwell upon some scenes and pleasures past, which seem as if nothing in the present or future could surpass for joyousness. We dare not hope too much, after having once passed the barrier which divides us from early youth; we dare not hope to reproduce such delights as belong alone to a time when we were unencumbered with responsibilities, rigid duties, or deep purposes. It is this independence of soul that creates a great portion of the halo which every one is so lavish of casting around youth. We are then so prone to trust, to individualize ourselves, to separate ourselves from the mass of suffering mortality, to feel that for us to break down barriers and obstacles is nothing. The sterner cares of life, which afterwards rob us of so much buoyancy, and hang like a leaden weight at our heart, are never understood until experienced; and the young, however much they may think they view their own future, only perceive the dim outline of what life has in store, until they are fairly launched forth to forge their own destinies, to make their own way, to create their own home. It is a beautiful spectacle, but one tinged with melancholy, to behold the budding forth of the human soul in its infancy; to watch it gently feeling its way, and expanding like the petals of a flower, at first freely in the pure air, before it rubs against some rude rock. It is pleasant to behold how it basks in the sunshine, reposing with ineffable tenderness upon any support nature may afford, stealing fragrance from all that bursts fresh upon its comprehension, and loving every thing. Man lives perhaps twenty long years in the world before the inanimate objects of creation are perfectly familiar to him. During that time every thing is possessed of novelty. All the beauties of nature, its varied aspects, its loftier sublimity and grandeur strike upon him with strange impressiveness; and it is this feeling, inexplicable but deep-seated, which forces man, as it were, to linger in memory upon scenes thus hallowed. None are conscious of the actual sameness in the events of each existing person's life. The same circumstances, the same impulses and passions, form the leading feature of every one's existence. They only manifest themselves under varied forms. It is, if we knew it, only the freshness of sensations that plunges us into that rapture of soul, surrounding us when we begin to experience the influence of passion and devotion. The intenseness of our first feelings rises into a kind of bewilderment; we feel more than we can explain to ourselves; we wonder at the novelty of our sensations; we exist only in our dream.

And who would destroy the blissful ignorance of youth before its time, or force it to contemplate what, sooner or later, must come,—the conviction that there is a canker in every earthly joy, corroding it at its root? No love so pure but knows some fear; no affection so strong but knows some shatter-

ing; no passion so engrossing but knows some background of doubt. Fortunate for us that it is so. If every hope of life were crowned with success, if love could never die, or affection wither away, if all in this world proved true, man would be rendered intensely selfish, and unwilling to acknowledge the consoling power of faith. Our purpose in this world is to know and to suffer, for suffering purifies, and refines, and expands our sympathies towards others. The mission of man is universal, not exclusive, and sweet as is the early experience of life, with its freedom from sorrow and responsibility, we would not have it in exchange for the deep and sacred calm which descends upon our soul after having experienced something bringing pain. For along with that pain comes reflection and thought; the power of thought is an attribute never to be foregone.

Childhood is the age of innocence and happiness. A trite observation it may be, but its truth falls into every heart. An interest in beings that have not yet known and felt is always sure to be awakened. The impulses of our nature lead us to love that which is hidden, secret, and innocent. We love the flower that grows in the shade, the half-hidden rill, the quiet knoll, the unplucked blossom in the forest, protected by sombre trees. The wild rose nestling in the brambly hedge, the violet covering its feet with fragrance, are ever dear to us. And so the child kept apart from the world, springing each day into fresh consciousness, and depending almost wholly on the being who gave it birth for direction and assistance, is loved and looked upon with admiration; and as it quits the sunny land of childhood, and rapidly approaches near the dark tract of experience which a riper age will bring, we view it with a more anxious tenderness, and grieve silently over the rebuffs it must know. We secretly breathe a wish that it could ever rest as it did, a babe on its mother's breast, hallowed in its innocence, a thing of purity, born only to give and to receive joy. Never in the whole course of our existence are we so loved as in our infancy; for unconsciously reposing on what we know not then—a mother's love—we draw our life, our nourishment, our happiness from one,—and that one, when she nestles her babe to her bosom, experiences a thrill of rapture, nothing in the world can give beside, for she knows that, however much in after years, love, ambition, traffic, worldly cares may withdraw some portion of that love, then the little being, with all its little wishes, hopes, and desires, is all her own. All the tenderness floating in its innocent eyes is for her to whom it owes all. This cannot last; the moment the little foot finds it can make itself a way unaided, some portion of its devotion ceases. Toys, amusements draw away its attention, and in the absorption of the child in its playthings and playmates, the mother beholds a miniature picture of its future life. Studies, amusements of another character then step in, and the passions which all must feel, and whose withering influence all men more or less experience.

Life now dawns in reality; the all-engrossing power of ambition; the sweetness and the bitterness of love; the thickly-crowded cares of life's daily struggle for existence; the yearning after fame; the devotion to money; the attractions to business; the excitement of travel, and even, perhaps, the gnawing, corroding, soul-depressing influence of poverty, sweeps away gradually the gentleness, the tenderness, the guilelessness, the purity even of youth; and for a while, lost in the giddy whirl of love and pleasure, man forgets the freshness of his early existence, the sweetness of sensations which men feel without perfectly comprehending them, is quite obliterated, and he goes forth hardened and prepared for the sterner realities of life which, while they fit him to hold a more manly position in society, render him oftentimes less pleasing in the domestic hearth.

It is strange to contemplate how, after long years separation from the period of youth, the mind will suddenly take a leap backwards, and plunge its memory into the scenes of the past. The indescribable train of association is not to be perfectly understood. Some trifle falling across our path will sometimes carry us back year by year to some time-hallowed scene, and place us with the same feelings and impulses in the very spot we then occupied. Out of some such links, conversations the most agreeable have arisen. Some associations having been created, life episodes, narratives, anecdotes, feelings all connected with the past, burst impetuously forth, and much of the old heart

creeps out, while the memory of hours of innocence often refreshes and purifies our spirit. The melancholy caused by retrospection often throws an ineffable tenderness into our manners to those around. The recollection that we have experienced some delight in the world seems to compensate for many an after struggle, and prepares us to bear the evils yet in store for us with a more thankful heart.

We frequently hear in society persons exclaim, "Oh, that reminds me of when I was a boy." "That recalls my childhood." "That puts me in mind of when—" "Does not that recall such and such a time?" Who can tell through what struggles, what turmoil, what pain, the spirit travels in the flight of an instant to that period, hallowed in whatever way it may be? Sometimes it conjures up a pleasant picture, sometimes it dates the commencement of a life of misery, sometimes it recals an episode fraught with passion, love, and devotion; sometimes it was a landmark, a boundary between the innocence of childhood and the guilt of after years. An influence all-powerful and true is sometimes excited by these associations, trifling as their power may seem to be. We know many an instance in which this beneficial result has been produced. One of this kind will suffice for our purpose.

There was a woman, beautiful, accomplished, and still bounding with strong impulses, although in her thirtieth year. She was so lovely, that her loveliness produced its danger; and not satisfied with the idolatry of her husband, she was tempted to listen to the worship of another, who worked upon her vanity, until, in a moment of forgetfulness, she resolved to quit him. Guilty as yet only in thought, she prepared for flight. A few links connected with the past were consigned to the flames, until, on unlocking a little drawer full of mementoes, not lately gazed upon, she took hold of a small paper packet. Trembling with sensations of regret, mingled with blind passion, she opened it, and, beholding its contents, sank into a seat, burst into tears, and remained absolutely convulsed with agony during a short period. Why this working of her soul? There rested there only the faded remains of a white rose, diffusing a faint, very faint fragrance, just enough, however, to revive a scene in the past, when she was pure and innocent. Her husband had given her that upon her betrothal, her husband still trusting, still loving; who idolized her, and imagined her still the guileless girl. Like the beauty of that small white rose her purity had faded, and, in a perfect delirium of agony, she wept over the bitterness of her experience. Her girlish feelings revived one by one, her reverence of virtue, her love of her husband seemed hovering spirit-like over her, and gradually stole into her heart, converting that seared and withered sanctuary into the sacred temple of innocence. Sixteen years of contact with the world faded from her memory; experience of its hollowness and coldness, of her own gradual hardening to the influence of the holiest feelings of life evaporated, and the fragrance of the faded rose diffused itself all through the room; reviving the fragrance of innocent, fresh feelings, young trustfulness, guilelessness, came pouring in floods over her soul, and washed away the stubborn particles of guilt. She rose from her recollections another woman, with every passion purified, every evil impulse vanished, and the very remorse of her soul imparted ever after a double tenderness to her manner towards the husband she had wronged in thought, who never knew the evil experiences of that heart, but reposed for ever upon the love of her, of whose stainless purity the white rose was to his soul the only perfect emblem!

Another instance of the strong power of association is of a less painful nature. We were once talking with an old friend, over whose head some fifty summers had passed. Coffee and biscuits stood upon the table, besides other pleasant concomitants. During the conversation, our friend was engaged in attacking many of the good things around, when he happened accidentally to taste one of the biscuits. "I have not tasted these for more than forty-five years," he exclaimed, "they remind me of my boyhood, and recall a hundred scenes to my fancy." He told us that at the moment he tasted the biscuit, a perfect landscape extended instantaneously before his view, and he beheld a scene he had never trod for more than forty-five years, and which he deemed he had forgotten. Old feelings came bubbling out, old affections and links came rushing over his mind until he seemed lost in a melancholy

but sweet train of retrospection. His boyhood, his early inspirations, and young feelings awakened by the novelty of daily experience rose vividly before him, and stretched like a panorama. Prone to indulge in somewhat misanthropic views, he felt refreshed, and the current of his thoughts sweetened by the bath of memory into which he had plunged.

We have briefly sketched the power of association, but it would be vain to attempt to mention the thousand trifles that awaken us to recollection. Every one has felt something of this, and has experienced the painful delight of reproducing the past. A mere nothing will do it; the prospect of a sunset, the color of the sky, the rush of waters, the ripple of a stream, the chirp of a bird, the chasing of leaves by the autumn wind, the sighing of the breeze, the shape into which the clouds form themselves, the shadows in a room, the placing of flowers, the tones of music, the harmony of some voice, some song, some expression, some word, some peculiar look, some nothing, will carry us back into regions where all have revelled, and where many would return. The bitter experience of some in this life causes them to wish that they had never overstepped the boundary that carried them from youth to manhood; but most of us, with all our trials, our disappointments and our sorrows, have some hopeful, compensating feeling, some sacred and cherished sanctuary within our hearts, to which we may turn and experience the beauty of that faith which forces us to link even our misfortunes with good, and to draw from evil a consoling power. Few, very few, in this world, but have something—a child, a friend, or dear relative, to take away the sting from the hard pressure and experience of life.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

THE SMUGGLER MALGRE LUI.

THERE is perhaps no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances in which it is practised. The singular revelations made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a late deputation will probably be fresh in the remembrance of most of our readers. Even the learned gentleman himself could hardly maintain his professional gravity when informed of the ingenious contrivances adopted for defrauding the revenue. Advertisements floating through the air attached to balloons, French gloves making their way into the kingdom in separate detachments of right and left hands, mutilated clocks travelling without their wheels—such were some of the divers modes by which the law was declared to be evaded, and the custom-house officers baffled. We are by no means disposed either to think or speak with levity of this system of things. However much a man may succeed in reconciling any fraud to his own conscence, or however leniently it may be viewed by his fellow-men, it will yet assuredly help to degrade his moral nature, and its repetition will slowly, but surely, deaden the silent monitor within his breast. All we affirm is the well-known fact, that laws are in most cases ineffective, except in so far as they harmonize with the innate moral convictions of mankind; and that many a man who would not for worlds cheat his next-door neighbor of a penny, will own without a blush, and perhaps even with a smile of triumph, that he has cheated the government of thousands! It is not often, however, that so daring and successful a stroke of this nature is effected as that which we find related of a celebrated Swiss jeweler, who actually succeeded in making the French director-general of the customs act the part of a smuggler!

Geneva, as must be well known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewelry. Three thousand workmen are kept in continual employment by her master goldsmiths; while seventy-five thousand ounces of gold, and fifty thousand marks of silver, annually change their form and multiply their value beneath their skillful hands. The most fashionable jeweler's shop in Geneva is unquestionably that of Beautte: his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of 5 per cent., M. Beautte undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband channels; and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed

as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beautte; but at length it so happened that M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance, was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beautte in eluding the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved personally to investigate the matter, and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He consequently repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beautte's shop, and purchased 30,000 francs' worth of jewelry, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beautte accepted the proposed condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however presented for signatnre to M. de Saint-Cricq a private deed, by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary 5 per cent. *smuggling dues*, in addition to the 30,000 francs' purchase-money.

M. de Saint-Cricq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweler's hand, affixed to the deed the following signature—"L. de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of the Customs in France." He then handed the document back to M. Beautte, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied, with a courteous bow, "*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*, I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honor of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival." M. de Saint-Cricq, piqued by the man's cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and without the delay of a single hour set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the *employés* who came forward to examine his carriage—informed the chief officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had for some years past been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewelers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty louis-d'ors to whichever of the *employés* should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewels—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide awake during the three succeeding days.

In the mean while M. de Saint-Cricq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room, for the purpose of laying aside his travelling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention when he entered the apartment was a very elegant-looking casket, which stood upon the mantel-piece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; his name was on the lid; it was addressed in full to "M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs." He accordingly opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognized at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva!

The count rung for his valet and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master's portmanteau, the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose that it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantel-piece. The count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in no way concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction; and it was only some time afterwards, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

Beautte the jeweler had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Cricq lodged in Geneva. This man taking advantage of the hurried preparations for the count's departure, contrived to slip the casket unperceived into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweler had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful *smugglers* in the kingdom!

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK,

IN A BUNDLE OF GOSSIP.

From time to time—quite as often as the moon changes—our travelling fears are lighted up with the story of some terrible accident by railway. But it is not to be supposed from this, that every moderate calamity of the sort finds its way into type. We should say that a broken leg or two—a fractured thigh, a single split skull—would be hardly of enough importance to engage the attention of our newspaper economists. It is only when a "Bishop is burnt," that there is report of the awfulness of the fire.

We have slipped—in the very outset of our Chronicle, into this mood of talk—first, because the City-world is stuffing its carpet-bag for country movement; and second, because our eye has just been caught by the sound drubbing which the *London Examiner* gives a score of railway directors, for the mishap upon their road. There is a relish in the reading of such an article, which in the whole range of American newspapers we sigh for in vain. Accidents which would stir the English metropolitan press into a furor of condemnation, are passed over by our papers as "unfortunate occurrences," with "no blame attributable to the engineer or directors." Even those journals which are most braggart of their independence, and which show their freedom by ribaldry, are notoriously the best subjects of a bribe; and a fat douceur will calm their ire as quick as putrid meat will still the yelpings of a cur.

The truth is, between free tickets furnished to the press, and the prospect of long advertisements from the "Company," there is scarce a paper that has a tongue of its own for railways; and the poor traveller must take his chance, without liberty to accuse, or any hope of expostulation.

We throw out these hints for the sake of setting country readers right, in what they may innocently suppose a fair exposition of the railway mishaps of the country; and furthermore for the sake of contrasting the boldness of the English prints on these topics with the toadying servility of too many of our American journals.

—— The Pacific has made another run which rates her name at the head of the steam marine of the world. The triumph is acknowledged in the British journals which came to hand by the Washington. The *Times* makes this mention of the run:—

"The Pacific sailed from New York precisely at 5 minutes past 12 on the 10th inst., was announced off Holyhead at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and saluted the Rock Light-house at 15 minutes past 1 o'clock precisely, thus completing the run in the remarkably brief space of 9 days 19 hours and 25 minutes, mean time. Contrasting the Pacific's run with that of the Royal mail steamship Asia, (the fastest ever previously made,) there is a difference in favor of the Pacific to Holyhead of six hours, the Asia having been announced off Holyhead at 2 o'clock in the afternoon."

—— The Great Exhibition is still in all mouths—as matter of talk. The Queen and Prince Albert are reported there almost daily. It will be remembered that it was not part of the original design to erect a permanent building for the Fair; nor even after the plan of Mr. Paxton had been accepted, was it anticipated that his work would serve for any thing more than the display of the season. Now, however, not only is the building regarded as a parcel of the London inheritance from the Royal Commissioners, but the idea is bruited in influential circles of purchasing the goods upon display, and so making the Exhibition a permanent school of manufactures and design. An English journal remarks upon it thus:—

"There is a general feeling growing in intensity, that the assemblage of articles now classified together in the long avenues, spacious courts, and elegant galleries of that marvellous edifice ought to remain a permanent source of instruction and delight to the people of all ranks and classes—a living museum of the arts and industry of the living world. It seems likely that funds will not be wanting for the purpose, and that, after all expenses are paid, sufficient will remain to keep up the building, and to purchase the most important of the articles exhibited. Such a result, which no one was sanguine enough to imagine a few months ago, is now considered by sober people as highly desirable, and not at all impracticable. There remains but another step in the progress of opinion to be made, and then we shall have the realization of Mr. Paxton's idea, of a gratuitous admission of the people on certain specified days."

We quote from the same journal a word or two of commendation for American Daguerreotypes:—

"It is only within the last few years that the force of light has been made directly available for the arts, in the production of pictures. Here we have very excellent examples of Daguerreotype and Calotypes. Of the former we are inclined, after a very minute and careful examination, to give to America the first place. Whether the atmosphere is better adapted to the art, or whether the preparation of Daguerreotypes have been congenial with the tastes of the people, or whether they are unfettered by the patents in force in England, certain it is that the number of exhibitors has been very great, and the quality of production superexcellent. The likenesses of various distinguished Americans, by Mr. Brady, are noble examples of this style of art. The family of Mr. Churchill is a very pretty group; and the series of views illustrating the Falls of Niagara are a very appropriate example of American industry, by Mr. Whitehurst, of Baltimore. The large specimens by Mr. Harrison are also excellent. In fact, the American display of Daguerreotypes in some degree atones for the disrespect with which they have treated all other nations, in having applied for so large a space, and yet at last having left their space comparatively unfilled."

Among the new things which the Exhibition has called into existence in London, is the issue of French and German papers, and the engagement of the best writers of the Continent upon these exotic productions. Thus we see advertised by the Illustrated News of London, a French Illustrated News, with contributions from such distinguished *feuilletonists* as JULES JANIN, ALPHONSE KARR, and MERY.

We also perceive, that—in compliment to the presence of so many Frenchmen in London—the Duke of Wellington has abandoned his usual Waterloo banquet.

No disturbance has occurred of any moment, and the admirable police of London, is found amply sufficient to arrest all such disorders as had been so confidently foretold by the New York *Herald*. While talking of the police, we may safely direct attention again to that admirable *exposé* of the police system which appeared two weeks back, in the *Miscellany*. Its picturesque and effective treatment of the subject almost points to Mr. Dickens as its author.

Among the objects which attract most attention at the Exhibition, is the famous "Koh-i-noor," diamond, being a portion of the spoil taken in the late Sikh war. We extract a brief notice of it, and some interesting observations on the general show of gems, from the London News:—

"The diamond is generally colorless, and the finest are quite free from any speck or flaw of any kind, resembling a drop of the purest water. Varieties of color occur, but are rare; and clear distinct shades of color in fine diamonds of considerable size are so extremely rare, as to give a great addition to the value of such stones.

"The diamonds in the Exhibition may be distinguished into several groups. There is first the 'Koh-i-noor,' or Mountain of Light, and the so-called 'Sea of Light,' both at one time the property of the East India Company, and forming a part of the spoil taken in the Sikh war, on the defeat of Runjeet Singh. The former has been presented to her Majesty, and is exhibited by her permission. The latter, with a multitude of other superb gems, are among the Indian collection on the north and south side of the nave next the transept. The Koh-i-noor is not cut into the best form for exhibiting its purity and lustre, and will, therefore, disappoint many if not all those who so anxiously press forward to examine it. This is, however, a general fault among Indian gems cut in the East, as the people of that country consider the magnitude of too great importance to be submitted to the great reduction necessary to show the beauty of the stone.

"The Sea of Light, like the Mountain of Light, is not so cut as to do justice to the gem; and thus these diamonds, however valuable, yield in brilliancy and effect to the smaller but more ornamental stones exhibited by the jewelers. Mr. Hope's diamond is, however, set, and is thus shown to much advantage.

"The value of diamonds depends on their weight and purity, but increases at a very rapid rate in the case of the larger stones. The weight is estimated in what are called carats, each carat being $3\frac{1}{6}$ grains troy weight. There are thus rather more than $15\frac{1}{2}$ carats in an ounce troy. The mode of estimating the value is by considering the price of a fine diamond of one carat as £8, and in any particular case multiplying the weight into itself, and this product by 8. Thus, a diamond of 12 carats, or 38 grains, will be worth $12\times12\times8=$£1152. When the weight is beyond 20 carats, the value is estimated in the same way; but the actual selling price is arbitrary, The price of rough diamonds is far less, the standard price of the carat being £2 instead of £8. Diamonds of 5 or 6 carats are very fine stones; those of 12 to 20 carats are rare: up to 100 carats they are extremely rare,

and only a very few are known to be in existence whose weight exceeds 100 carats. They are found chiefly in India, but also in Borneo, Siberia, and Brazil. By far the greater number found are small, and it has been calculated that the numerical proportion of those of larger size is not very different from the relative value they possess in the market.

"The cutting of diamonds is an art formerly practised in England, and the old English-cut diamonds of size that we occasionally meet with are highly valued; but, for some time past, almost the whole business of this kind has been transacted at Amsterdam. The work is effected by simple machinery, the grinding and cutting material being diamond-powder, either obtained by crushing stones of inferior quality or by rubbing one stone against another.

"Diamonds are generally set in silver, and with as little to distract the attention from the lustre of the gem as the nature of the ornament will admit. Set in gold the effect is much diminished; but with rubies and sapphires there is generally nothing that can injure the lustre of the finer brilliants. Mr. Hope's diamond is set surrounded with smaller brilliants, and the effect is good.

"The shape of the Koh-i-noor diamond is that of a pear, or rather more oblong; and it would be much reduced in size if cut by a European diamond merchant. Its marketable value would, however, be increased, for the reason already given. It would probably become, if properly treated, one of the finest diamonds now in Europe. The Sea of Light, in the Indian collection, is a comparatively flat stone, and could be properly set only as a rose or table diamond. The surface exposed is, however, very large.

"Mr. Hope's blue diamond is most superb as well for form as color. Its color, especially, is unrivalled, and is that of the finest and most delicate sapphire. Its form is nearly square, and its depth considerable; but its lustre and brilliancy are beyond all description."

—— Among home topics of most interest, we have again to designate the closing concerts of JENNY LIND. She does not seem to lose with the lapse of time, or with the multiplicity of concerts. Enthusiasm is perhaps tranquillizing into a more steady and sober appreciation; yet even now her name and figure will call up a shout.

It appears that in virtue of the contract between herself and Mr. BARNUM, the concerts were to be discontinued after the number of sixty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty, as the parties might determine. JENNY has decided upon the hundred, and her labors, by the time this meets the eye of our readers, will be at an end.

It were a thankless and needless task to recapitulate what has been said in honor of the art, the bounty, and the attractiveness of this Swedish woman. Her triumphs are in the hearts of all who have listened, and in the ears of all who have heard mention of her.

"God bless her!" is the voice of the nation; and in our humble way we echo it here.

—— A word or two, however, of Mr. BARNUM. He has, it appears, organized a travelling menagerie, to follow in the wake of this pecuniary triumph with JENNY LIND. He has, furthermore, introduced the name of the modest, yet wonderful singer, in most shameless contact with his wax imagery, and men without arms; and, to complete the absurdity, has topped his flaming placards, with a portrait of —— Himself!

We had hoped—nay, we had presumed—that a half-year's intercourse with so *spirituelle* a creature as JENNY LIND must be, would have softened the nodosities of the showman's nature; and that the humbug in which he had so long trafficked, would have given place to a kindlier estimate of humanity, and to a refinement of his waxen predilections.

Alas for us, the result has falsified all our hopes! We could have tolerated his return to the Museum, and TOM THUMB;—but to find him linking the name of the admired Swede into his list of shows, as if she were only one of his money-making puppets;—and to find his own picture adorning (?) the tale of the elephants and the monkeys, leaves us no room to hope for a reform, and demands of us more pity than our Christian spirit can find.

We should be gratified to learn that it was without Mr. BARNUM's cognizance that these things had been done.

But let us not forget the worthier matters with which we begun. JENNY LIND is to leave us; who will not bid her God speed! and remember long and warmly the charity which has touched our hearts, and the minstrelsy which has lifted our souls—to heaven.

THE BOOK WORLD.

We have marked for insertion in the Miscellany, some notice of the Guild of Art and

Literature, recently established in Great Britain. Mr. BULWER has written a comedy in aid of the project; MACLISE has promised a picture; and numerous other prominent artists and *litterateurs* have volunteered their aid. That our readers may have a more distinct idea of what is to be done, we extract for them a fragment from the prospectus issued by the manager.

"It is proposed to open, at a Life Office of acknowledged respectability and capital, a Branch Insurance and Provident Society, solely for the Professors of Literature and of Art.

"Within the former term are understood to be comprehended all writers, of either sex, of original works or dramas, or of not less than twenty original papers in Periodicals.* Within the latter, all Painters and Sculptors who make the Fine Arts their profession, and all Students of the Royal Academy of England, Scotland, or Ireland.

"This Society will embrace the several objects which the Members of a Profession may be most disposed to secure—such as life insurances, at rates of premium calculated as payable either for the whole term of life, or as altogether ceasing to be payable at a certain age; annuities to commence at a certain age; pensions to widows; payments destined to the education or provision of children, &c.

"In connection with this Society, by which it is intended to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly, or mainly, derived from the precarious profit of a profession, it is proposed to establish and endow an Institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of Endowment will consist:

1st.—Of a WARDEN, with a house and a salary of 200*l.* a year;

2d.—Of MEMBERS, with a house and 170*l.*, or, without a house, 200*l.* a year;

3d.—Of ASSOCIATES, with a salary of 100*l.* a year.

For these offices all who are insurers in the Society above mentioned are qualified to offer themselves as Candidates. Such Insurance is to be considered an indispensable qualification, saving in exceptional cases (should any such arise) where an individual can prove that he has made every effort to insure his life, but cannot find acceptance at any Life Office, by reason of impaired health, or of advanced age, at the date of this prospectus.

"Each MEMBER will be required to give, either personally or by a proxy selected from the ASSOCIATES, with the approval of the Warden, three Lectures in each year—one in London, the other at the Mechanics' Institutes, or some public building suited for the purpose, in the principal provincial Towns. Considering the many duties, exacting time and attention that will devolve on the WARDEN, he will not be required to give more than one Lecture annually, (which if delivered by a proxy, he will, health permitting, be expected to compose himself,) and that in the Metropolis.

"These Lectures will be subject to the direction and control of the managing body of the Endowment. They will usually relate to Letters or Art, and will invariably avoid all debatable ground of Politics or Theology. It will be the endeavor of the Committee to address them on points on which the public may be presumed to be interested, and to require dispassionate and reliable information—to make them, in short, an educational and improving feature of the time.

"The originators and promoters of the scheme, thus briefly detailed, are themselves either Authors or Artists, familiarly acquainted with the wants and feelings of the great mass of their fellow-laborers, anxiously desirous to aid those distinguished in pursuits similar to their own; whose youth they have seen prematurely broken by noble struggles for independence, or whose age they have witnessed a suppliant for bounty, so administered as to embitter every memory of service, and humiliate every honest sentiment of pride. But they desire to extend whatever aid they may have the power to proffer or suggest, in the mode which seems to them most respectful to the members of those professions that give to all nations in which they flourish the least disputable title to respect. They desire that the aid should necessitate no degrading plea of poverty—no painful exposition of calamity and want; but that it should bear the character of a tribute to merit, not of an alms to destitution."

We are obliged to leave out much that we are disposed to reprint in reference to this new design of British Authors and Artists. We feel sure that our readers will read with interest of a plan so benevolent in its purpose and so novel in its execution.

Of American books and literary affairs we defer mentioning until the coming week.

* This limitation is intended to exclude accidental contributors to periodicals, who may not be attached to literature as a profession.